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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

No new literary Reminiscences could be surer of a welcome than are those that Sir Sidney Colvin is writing. The book which is now nearing completion will probably be called "Faces and Places," and should be ready for publication this autumn.

It is not often that an imaginative novelist can write a story of the near future and then see part of his prophecy come true before there has been time to publish his book, but this experience has been reserved for Mr. Cuthbert Edward Baines, who recently won the prize in The Bookman First Novel Competition. The plot of his story, "The Black Circle," turns on the recovery from the sea of a tract of land off the Essex coast. Phenomenally fertilising properties are found in the soil, and these, distributed by their altruistic discoverer to smallholders and farmers, revolutionise agriculture, make work on the soil easy and profitable, draw people from the towns back to the land, produce food so cheaply and in such quantities that the whole country is socially and economically revolutionised and, instead of the working classes being discontented, financial and great commercial magnates are driven to form secret societies and adopt lawless measures to upset the existing order of things, destroy the fertiliser at its source and restore the conditions under which capitalism flourished. Shortly after the prize award was made it was announced in the press that land had actually been reclaimed off the coast of Norfolk which was so bewilderingly fertile that everything planted on it was growing in such great luxuriance that the harvesting of crops was becoming a serious problem. And now Professor Barton Scammell writes to say that the American Lignaite Company is introducing a fertiliser that has been discovered in certain subsoil, waste coal dust, etc., which is capable of increasing the production of our home-grown food by hundreds of millions of pounds worth each year. "I have been in correspondence lately with Mr. Lloyd George in reference to the matter," he writes; "he is very much interested and may call public attention to it." It does not do to talk about improbabilities in fiction when science gets to work like this to justify the imaginings of the novelist.

XUM

Miss Muriel Stuart, whose two books, "Christ at Carnival" and "The Cockpit of Idols," have given her rank with the truest and best of the women poets of our time, contributes a very striking dramatic lyric, "Andromeda Unfettered," to the current issue of the *English Review*. The protagonists of the drama are Andromeda, the spirit of woman, Perseus, the new spirit of man, and a chorus of (1) women who desire the old thrall and (2) women who crave the new freedom. The poem "is not a study of the economic struggle of women, but of the deep-rooted antagonism of spirit which constitutes the eternal sex-problem."

Much the most brilliant and entertaining one-man art show that has been held in London for a long while is that of Mr. Max Beerbohm's new caricatures. There has been nothing like it since Max had a similar exhibition—how many years ago? The wit and satire of the drawings are as pungent as ever. Among Max's chief victims are Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Asquith, Colonel Repington, Mr. Churchill, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Lytton Strachey, Mr. du Maurier, Mr. Augustus John and Lord Leverhulme. Perhaps the most quietly scathing of the cartoons is that of Mr. Walter Long trying to explain what he has achieved. Max can be bitter, but it is always a spirit of fun, a shrewd, sly sense of the absurdity of things that inspires him; he is our only caricaturist who can bite hard and still put a laugh into his hardest bite.

The Librarian and Book World, which is now in the tenth year of its existence, is taking a new lease of life and will in future be published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

The author of "Rising Above the Ruins in France" (Putnams Ltd.), Mrs. Corinna Haven Smith, daughter of Major G. H. Putnam, the head of the well-known publishing firm, who is now in this country, has just been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour in recognition of her work during the last five years among the women and children in the devastated villages of Northern France and Belgium, a graphic account of which is given in her book.

In her new novel, "Far to Seek," which has just been published by Messrs. Blackwood, Mrs. Maud Diver has woven into a narrative of action and romance a graphic presentation of recent events in India, and from her intimate knowledge of its people throws light on the problems with which our Indian Empire is at present confronted.

Mr. F. G. Shaw, the well-known angler, has recently returned from South Africa and is busy on a book about his experiences there, which took the form of further discoveries in the science of Trout Fly Casting and Trout Fishing.

"The Pleasures of Ignorance," a new volume of essays by Mr. Robert Lynd, will be published in September by Mr. Grant Richards.

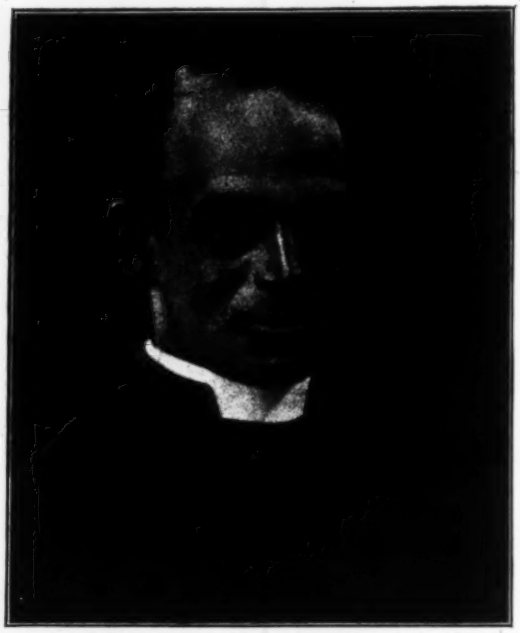


Photo by Vandyk. **Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy ("Woodbine Willie"),** whose recent book, "Food for the Fed-Up" (Hodder & Stoughton), is one of the most searching and heartening contributions towards the solving of our post-war religious and social problems.

Owing to general ill-health Mr. A. C. Fifield has disposed of his publishing business to Mr. Jonathan Cape, who will continue to publish the complete writings of Samuel Butler, the existing and future work of W. H. Davies, and the other books hitherto published by Mr. Fifield.

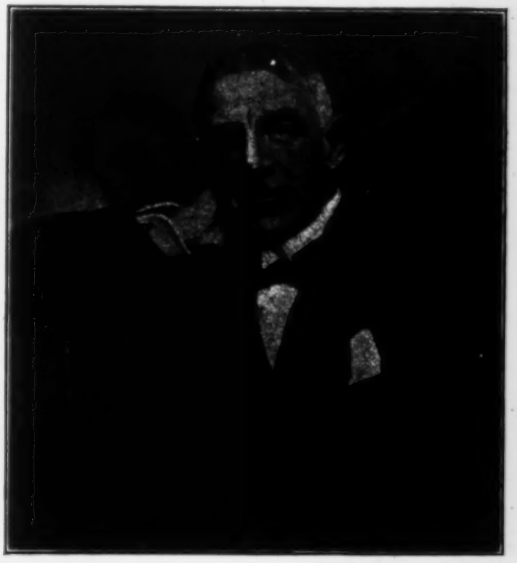
Mr. Kineton Parkes has made a survey of the world's sculpture in the twentieth century, which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing, in two volumes, under the title of "Sculpture of To-Day." The influences of Alfred Stevens in England, Meunier in Belgium, Rodin in France and Rosso in Italy in forming the present schools are dealt with, and biographical notices of living artists in Great Britain and the Colonies, on the Continent, in America, in Japan, are supplemented by 150 illustrations of their work. Mr. Kineton Parkes deserted fiction for art history, but the desertion is only temporary.

Notwithstanding the great popularity of Sir Hall Caine's novels (more than five millions of them in all

having been published in English editions only) some of his earlier books have been, owing to war conditions, out of print for a considerable time, except in cheap editions. Messrs. Heinemann now propose to remedy this by re-issuing the novels in a new form at 3s. 6d. The volumes of this Collected Edition will not be issued in the order of their first publication, but according to the present public demand for them. "The Deemster" (by arrangement with Messrs. Chatto & Windus) and "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" coming first in the series; "The Prodigal Son" and "The Manxman" last. The first two volumes will be published this month, and it is intended to complete the publication of the nine earlier books in the course of the summer and autumn. Meantime, Sir Hall Caine's new novel, "The Master of Man," will appear in July.

An excellent exhibition was held last month at Walker's Galleries of pen and crayon sketches from "Time and Tide" by J. W. Ginsbury, J. H. Dowd, Edith Hosking and Ralph Longstaffe. Of the forty-nine subjects the most successful were perhaps the clever sketches of Sir J. Forbes Robertson, G. K. C., Rebecca West, Robert Smillie, Sir Philip Gibbs, Alice Meynell, Sybil and Russell Thorndike and Ellen Terry. The whole collection was well worth making and well worth going to see.

The new Canadian Authors' Association is not letting the grass grow under its feet. Having elected one rising novelist, Mr. J. Murray Gibbon, whose latest novel, "The Conquering Hero," was published recently by Mr. John Lane, as its president, it has now elected one of its most popular novelists, Mr. Robert J. Stead, chairman of its Ottawa branch. In an address he has just delivered to the Ottawa Woman's Club Mr. Stead emphasised Canada's need of a literature of her own. "Canadians are peculiarly situated," he pointed out, "in that their country lies alongside another, separated only by a geographical line, the people of each speaking the same language, following the same pursuits, having the same ambitions. Being so peculiarly situated, Canadians would find it difficult to retain their identity. The present generation of Canadians wish to be Canadians, but I doubt if future generations will. That depends on the thoughts and ideals of the youths of the country. To direct these in the right channel we must have Canadian literature. Since the United States has a larger reading public they are able to produce magazines and books much cheaper, and so our country is deluged with American literature, filled with American sentiments." The Authors' Association aims to build up literature with Canadian sentiments and so have a distinctly Canadian people.



Mr. Edward Bok,

whose autobiography, "Edward Bok," has just been published by Mr. Thornton Butterworth, with an Introduction by Lord Northcliffe, who says "it is *the* autobiography of our time."

Mrs. Elinor Glyn, Mr. Somerset Maugham and Mr. Joseph Hembery.

Mrs. Glyn is visiting the Californian Studios of the Famous Players-Lasky Film Co., in order to write original film plots for their Paramount Pictures.

Dorothy Canfield, whose new novel, "The Brimming Cup," Mr. Jonathan Cape is publishing, is an American of New England descent. Her father was a college professor and president of several state universities. In 1907 she married Mr. John R. Fisher. She wrote her first novel,

XUM

"The Squirrel Cage," in 1912. "Hillsboro People" (1915), a collection of short stories, was followed by her second novel, "The Bent Twig," and by another collection of short stories, "The Real Motive." The experiences of herself and her husband during the war went to the making of "Home Fires in France" and "The Day of Glory," and since her return home in 1919 "The Brimming Cup" has been written.

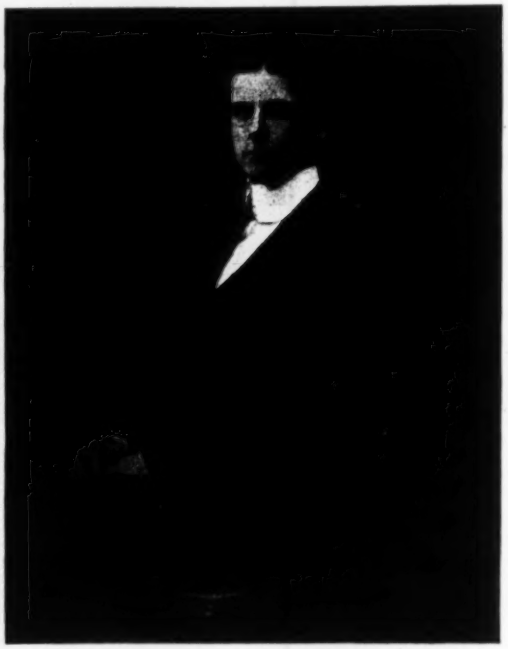


Photo by Adelphi Studios. **Mr. Thomas Burke,**

whose two new books, "The Outer Circle" (Allen & Unwin) and "Whispering Windows" (Grant Richards), are reviewed in this Number.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The new edition of "English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages," by J. J. Jusserand (25s.; Fisher Unwin), has been revised and enlarged by the author. It is both the most interesting and most valuable record of its kind, and has been admirably translated by Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith. M. Jusserand has reconstructed the lives of our fourteenth-century ancestors not from tales of the poets and easily available chronicles, but by delving into ancient petitions, reports of old lawsuits, dead and forgotten statutes and ordinances, and he has not only made these dry bones live but has recreated from them certain phases of the life of the past with all the colour and movement and interest of detail that belonged to it in its day. First he deals with the roads and bridges, how they came to be made and who was responsible for their maintenance; then he introduces a picturesque, many-coloured pageant of the motley wayfarers, lay and religious, who commonly used them—the minstrels, jugglers, messengers, merchants, pedlars, outlaws, wandering workmen, itinerant preachers, friars, pardoners, and the groups of pilgrims going periodically to famous shrines. All the life of the great roads is unrolled before you, and the result is a book that not only adds much to our intimate knowledge of the people of the Middle Ages, their actual habits of dress and thought and manner of living, but is as fascinating to read as any romance that has ever been written of them. The numerous illustrations from old MSS. and early chronicles add enormously to the interest and effectiveness of the record.

"I wish that I had told Jack at the beginning and then all this would not have happened!" Thus the misjudged, heartbroken little heroine of Mrs. Patrick MacGill's latest novel, "Hidden Fires" (7s. 6d.; Herbert Jenkins). To support her war-shattered husband and little son, Lola Bruce secretly becomes a chorus-girl. But her husband discovers the deception, and, spurred on by a cousin whose jealousy of Lola runs to excessive malice, totally misinterprets his wife's motive for lying to him regarding her means of livelihood. Circumstances seem to be in league against the innocent girl, and a stormy quarrel separates her from her husband. How the vindictive Olive and the ruthlessness of fate combine to keep them apart makes a sensational story which could be easily and profitably adapted to the film.

Dorothy Canfield (Mrs. Fisher).

The latest addition to Messrs. Watts & Co.'s Life-Stories of Famous Men series is "Robert G. Ingersoll," by Charles T. Gorham (3s. 6d.). Ingersoll held his own as lawyer, orator and writer among the distinguished Americans of his day, and is described by Mr. Gorham as "one of the greatest of all rebels against conventional religion, one of the greatest of all defenders of liberty." It needed more courage to be a freethinker in his day than it does in ours, when the majority of us are grown more tolerant of each other's beliefs and unbeliefs; and Ingersoll had the courage that was necessary. Mr. Gorham has drawn the character of the man and related the story of his stormy career frankly, fairly, sympathetically, and though it may surprise many to find him saying "Ingersoll was, in the best sense of the word, a religious man," few who read the plain facts about him and the glimpses given of his inner life and social ideals will be disposed to dispute the claim.

The strange story of that ill-fated Indian, Mog Megone, and his love for Ruth Boythorne, the settler's daughter, gave Whittier a theme for one of the most famous of his poems, and in "Mog Megone" (7s. 6d.; Jarrolds) Miss May Wynne has deftly fashioned that wonderful story into a very picturesque and thrilling romance of love and adventure among North American Indians in the days of the early colonists.

Messrs. G. Heath Robinson & J. Birch have added to their attractive series of 2s. 6d. novels a capital translation of "An Adventuress of France," one of the cleverest and most glamorous of Gaboriau's brilliant romances.

"A Man May Not Marry His Grandmother," by F. Morton Howard (7s. 6d.;

Holden & Hardingham), is, as the author calls it, a ridiculous story—broad farce and pantomime humour, but may be fully enjoyed by those who are looking for amusement only.

The arrival of its twenty-fifth anniversary has prompted Mr. F. A. Mackenzie to write "The Mystery of the *Daily Mail*" (1s.; Associated Newspapers). In saying "its continued growth is the mystery of the *Daily Mail*," Mr. Mackenzie gives his mystery away on the first page, and proceeds to reveal the reasons for that newspaper's astounding development. He tells the story of its founding, gives an account of the early members of its staff, records its achievements in peace and wars, and follows its triumphant career down to these days when it is "taken and trusted" in a million homes. Most of us would say the secret of the *Mail's* success is that it is always alive and interesting and that it has had behind it from the beginning the driving power of a great personality with an instinct for journalism that amounts to genius. All Mr. Mackenzie's details of what the paper has done and is doing go to prove this, and we gladly add our bouquet to the bouquets he presents to our brilliant contemporary in this interesting booklet.

Miss M. Morgan Gibbon,
whose new novel, "Helen Marsden" (Hutchinson), is reviewed in this Number.

Mr. P. B. Redmayne's nine woodcuts in "Cambridge by Lamplight" (1s.; Cambridge: Heffer) will be welcomed not only by sons of that Alma Mater who are familiar with the scenes depicted, but by all and sundry who are susceptible to the charm of the too-neglected art of the wood engraver. "St. John's: The Bridge of Sighs" is the least effective of the series; the other eight have a strength of design and finish of workmanship that are excellent. The lights and massed shadows in "King's College Chapel" and "Jesus: The Gateway" are most skilfully handled and none of the subjects is more vividly realised than "A Rainy Evening: Bridge Street Corner."

Miss Morgan Gibbon has scored another success with her second novel, "Helen Marsden" (8s. 6d.; Hutchinson), and has daringly chosen a girl of the plain, "brainy" type for a heroine. Like "Jan," Helen is not devoid of human failings, but Miss Gibbon has a way of arousing sympathy for quite natural and imperfect people. She writes with an easy style and a quiet humour that makes her narrative and her characters essentially alive. Our first introduction to Helen takes place when she is at the unattractive, semi-toothless age of seven, and we find her living with a rector and his wife, almost incredibly disagreeable individuals, who treat both Helen and their own son with harsh severity. From this environment she is soon rescued, but she is unfortunate in her childhood's homes, and we watch her development in uncongenial surroundings, her inward battles, her jealousy of her pretty, foolish sister, who gets engaged to the man Helen loves, and her ultimate triumphs, with ever-increasing interest. To all who like studies of character—ruthlessly faithful as to detail—and a very human and natural story, we can heartily recommend "Helen Marsden."

One of our poets who is a master of words has taken umbrage at some of the careless work of present-day versifiers, and the result is "Cranks, 1921" (1s. 6d.; Arthur Stockwell), an amusing skit on the various anthologies of the day.

> "'Tis not in mortals to deserve success,
> But we'll do more, command it."

In a biting preface he declares that "the poetry of the past touched and reached one in a hundred. We touch every-

House at Boughton, Northants,
where Whyte Melville lived in the 50's, and where many of his books were written.
Photograph sent by Mrs. Ringrose, of Boughton.

Holdenby (Holmby) House, Northants,
the scene of Whyte Melville's romance, "Holmby House."
Photograph sent by Mrs. Ringrose, of Boughton.

body. Moreover (and in this lies our vitality), not only can every one read and revel in 'Standstillism,' but every one can write it. That is why we are a new epoch." We may admire some of the writers of whom this poet falls foul; yet we cannot but be amused by his parodies of their work.

The Western mind is curiously susceptible to the mysticism of the East, and some primitive instinct moves most of us to believe or half-believe any plausible stories of hypnotic force or uncanny supernatural powers. In Miss Joan Conquest's "Leonie of the Jungle" (7s. 6d.; Werner Laurie) the normal human reader cannot fail to be fascinated by the mental influences at work behind the strangeness of the child Leonie—the tragic fate that follows her friendships, the shadow that looms through all her happiness. Sir Jonathan Cuxson, mental specialist, realises that the explanation of the mystery lies in the East, but he does not live to seek it. That mission descends to his son who, interested both for scientific and sentimental reasons, risks his life to rescue the girl he loves from a terrible doom. It is an eerie, exciting story.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MISS STORM JAMESON.

TO discover that there has ever been a woman of much account hitherto in the history of literary criticism is probably to be correct, but he that makes the disavowal must not forget to give a sigh for the occasions of promise unfulfilled. It is one thing to adopt such an attitude towards the past, and quite another to ignore that promise and remain persistently negative as you face the future. For even in the moment of your refusal to admit the possibility of the woman-critic emerging sooner or later in English letters, you will be pretty certain of a challenge from one or another of those unbiased students of contemporary affairs who is aware of the work of Margaret Storm Jameson.

Miss Jameson is a young English writer with three books to her credit within the past two years. Two of them embody in the novel-form the perennially new and rebellious mind of youth, creative and analytical in turn, and the third, a volume of essays on the modern drama, reveals that same mind as wholly critical, iconoclastic in a way which has alarmed certain timid males now practising the critic's craft. The varying aspects of the critical temperament are to be found only rarely in a single individual; that they should be the possession of one of our young women writers is something out of the ordinary. Moreover, Miss Jameson is a creative critic; and, whatever her capacity may prove in the end to be, it is a sign of promise that her work should be lifted well away from the dour and reluctant attitude of practically every critic in modern letters since Mr. Chesterton. Like the author of "Heretics" and "Orthodoxy" she dares to speak of her happiness. "I offer it gladly to life," she has written in "The Happy Highways," "a votive gift. The dappled road runs behind and before me, and the wind tears apart the crying trees. Life is a good horse for youth to ride, and Death a good ostler, whosoever may keep the Inn."

"The Pot Boils," which, for the sake of argument may be regarded as Miss Jameson's first novel, although it is rather a *tour de force* in social criticism, appears to have been the outcome of her experience in the advanced intellectual movements of the metropolis. Like her characters, she too has been "filled with the nostalgia of youth," and youthlike indeed is the talk in this book. There are very few incidents and no plot, the whole of the author's energies being devoted to her endeavour to focus a mocking, biting satire upon the political and intellectual follies of her time—which are equivalent, she tells us, to the whole of our political and intellectual activities! "The Happy Highways" is the natural successor to "The Pot Boils," equally unconventional in outlook and presentment, but riper and written with a surer hand. The employment of an art-form for the expression of ideas is a venture fraught with pitfalls, but if the attitude of a writer towards the function and purpose of art be so passionately expressed as in the following passage, we may at least applaud the venturer:

> "Art, night-clubs! What the devil do you think all those posturers have to do with art? Getting excited in cafés, seducing models, working themselves up into a state of silly, dirty-minded passion in which they conceive their rotten pictures! Most art is nothing but premeditated lechery!"

Not that Miss Jameson would make that artistic function and purpose one of mere didacticism. She is too clear-headed, too much of the genuine artist for that.

In these two novels it is actually the scope of an artistic form that she is attempting to enlarge. Their author, one feels, argues that if you may depict in the novel the consequences of emotional action and reaction in particular individuals, the intellectual influence in its broadest and fullest significance must, logically, have its rights also. If the coming into a man's life of, say, a woman, leaves a definite mark on that life, then who will deny that the coming into a man's life of a book, the reading of Herbert Spencer's "First Principles" or Mr. Wells's "Outline of History," may have an effect equally vital; and, further, who will deny the novelist's right to concentrate his or her energies upon it? The difficulty, of course, would be to convince the reader that the books, like the woman, are something more than the mere accidentals of existence, and the obvious answer is that everything depends on the way in which the novelist exercises that right.

For her part, Miss Jameson has exercised it brilliantly. The intimacy of relationship among the young students in "The Happy Highways," migrated from the far

northern moors to the city college, is presented as a beautiful and convincing thing. Their intellectual life is a rare communism. Religion, biology, art, economics, and the rest of the movements of their period have a profound effect upon their developing minds. Youth's interminable dissertations and disputes are cleverly indicated—not reported, for the author has all the artist's unconcern with a mere record of talk, just as he must have with a mere record of events. There is a large play of irony as well as of satire not only on the conventions but on what might be termed the "progressivisms" which hitherto have been regarded by those who are attached to them as too sacred for examination, let alone indictment. That is one of the author's incidental triumphs. She has realised too fully in her own life the futility of much of modern intellectualism to have any false reverence for it in her art.

Photo by Basil. **Miss Storm Jameson.**

"Modern Drama in Europe," her latest book, was the thesis on which she gained her Master of Arts degree at London University. Miss Jameson differs from other critics of the theatre in that she wastes no energy on decrying the pitiful state into which it has fallen; rather has she attempted the formulation of a constructive scheme. That a young woman should deal in a single book so comprehensively with the dramatic art of England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia and Scandinavia, seemingly at home with each of the various languages in which the plays are written, has caused no little amazement; one of the foremost of English editors, indeed, has pronounced her to be that first woman critic we are waiting for! Ibsen, Strindberg, Tchehov, Hauptmann, Barrie, Shaw, Galsworthy, Pinero, Rostand—the work of each of these and lesser dramatists is examined with a welcome thoroughness and impartiality. If the criticism of certain contemporary favourites is severe and often ruthless it is hardly ever unsound.

To learn that, with all this activity and achievement, Storm Jameson was born only twenty-six years ago, comes as a big surprise. Like the heroes of her second novel, she has travelled south from the moorlands of Yorkshire, her home being at Whitby. She gained first-class honours in English literature at the University of Leeds, and her art degrees in London. Her first employment was with a firm of advertisement-writers, from which she transferred, after the publication of her first novel, to the sub-editorial chair of *The New Commonwealth*, a serious and ill-fated organ of literary and political opinion issued during 1920 under the editorship of Mr. Frederick Thoresby. In the columns of *The New Commonwealth*, Miss Jameson commenced a series of essays on "A Philosophy of Youth." These were much discussed, and their influences, mainly that of Mr. Wells, duly noted by her critics. Some remarkable chapters of a book on Anglo-American relations were published about the same time in *The New Europe*, and have been continued in *The English Review*. Then came "The Happy Highways," "Modern Drama in Europe," and a third novel to be published shortly—a daring prophecy of the coming commercial clash (inevitable, as she and many others reluctantly believe) between a further two of the great powers in civilisation.

The question has naturally arisen at this stage as to which of the methods of writing Miss Jameson has already employed will eventually be adopted by her. Her outlook, at once critical and creative, as we have seen, has expressed itself with equal skill and adequacy in both the novel and the essay. Some of her fellow-critics have chosen to regard her novels as little more than essays themselves, but it would be a mistake to overlook that there is a definitely imaginative quality in them also. Admittedly the characteristic timidity of an intellectual woman confronting an emotional moment is there—perhaps it is in this respect that one gets the only definite impression in her writing that it is the work of a woman at all; but there are episodes so imaginatively dealt with that they may be classed as memorable in present-day fiction. There is, for example, one wherein we are introduced to the father of a moorland family and read of the pathetic birth and death of his posthumous child, and the burial by its little sisters and brothers (unknown to their mother, who is lying alone and ill) in the snowdrift at the bottom of the garden—beautifully moving, this, in its poignancy and understanding. It is possible that a woman-writer who is able to present us with work of this quality may eventually choose to restrict her method of expression to the essay. Certainly her inclination that way is to be seen breaking out in her work everywhere—recklessly sometimes, it is to be feared, as when she makes a character say that, although the "better kind of man" is still trying hard to understand women, in reality women "don't care a damn" whether they're understood or not; or when she claims Mr. Yeats's "the bee-loud glade" to be the ugliest adjective in modern poetry, and, seeing people "reeling drunkenly away from 'Tristan und Isolde'," she thanks God she is not as other men! But if she succumbs to that inclination altogether she will be resigning a position far more important than that of the "first woman critic."

THOMAS MOULT.

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THE READER.

WHYTE MELVILLE.

By S. M. Ellis.

THIS month brings the natal centenary of George John Whyte Melville, novelist and song writer, who was born on June 19th, 1821. On his father's side he was Scotch, the son of John Whyte Melville, of Mount Melville, Strathkinness, Fifeshire, who married Lady Catherine Godolphin Osborne, daughter of the fifth Duke of Leeds. Through his mother the future romance writer was fifth in direct descent from John Churchill, the Duke of Marlborough of military fame and perjured loyalty.

Photo by Rodger, St. Andrews. **Major G. J. Whyte Melville.**

Photograph sent by his daughter, Florence Viscountess Massereene and Ferrard.

The boy was educated at Eton during the headmastership of Keate, that preposterous little pedagogue of five feet high whose name is remembered for his brutal flogging powers. The records of Eton would doubtless reveal if Whyte Melville was a pupil there on June 30th, 1832, the day when Keate flogged more than eighty boys and surpassed his own record. It is true the school was very turbulent at that period, and the boys sometimes got even by smashing the head master's desk and giving him a fusillade of rotten eggs. Hawtrey, at that time assistant master at Eton, was tutor to Whyte Melville, who mentions him in his first novel, "Digby Grand" (1853):

> "No wonder that the old Etonian's heart still warms when he catches sight of the walls of 'College'—no wonder that he remembers, with a vividness after years can never obliterate, each characteristic of the long-past scene. The dreaded Hawtrey, my tutor, by turns loathed and beloved . . ."

"Digby Grand" originally appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, and was obviously written in imitation of the very successful "Pelham" of some years earlier. It purported to be the memoirs of a young military gentleman on service abroad and at leisure in town. True enough, assuming the novel to be partly autobiographical, Whyte Melville on leaving Eton had received a commission in the 93rd Highlanders at the age of eighteen. He exchanged into the Coldstream Guards in 1846, and retired with the rank of captain three years later.

On the outbreak of the Crimean War he rejoined and volunteered for active service. He was appointed major of Turkish irregular cavalry. His impressions of the war were given in his fifth novel, "The Interpreter" (1858).

After the conclusion of peace, Whyte Melville settled down to the life of a country gentleman at Boughton, Northamptonshire, where he devoted himself to the sport of fox-hunting, varied by his literary pursuits and golf on occasions at St. Andrews, which was close to his father's estate in Fifeshire.

Whyte Melville had married in 1847 Charlotte, second daughter of the first Lord Bateman, and the only child of the marriage, Florence, became in 1870 the wife of the eleventh Viscount Massereene and Ferrard—a great-grandson of John Foster, last Speaker of the Irish House of Commons and subsequently created Lord Oriel.

Sir Herbert Maxwell has stated, in the memoir of his friend he wrote for "The Dictionary of National Biography," that Whyte Melville's marriage was unhappy and that his resulting disappointment found expression in his literary work, where women are generally pictured in a melancholy and regretful manner. Presumably this statement refers to the novels of modern life, for the trait or reflection in question is not particularly conspicuous in the author's historical and sporting works.

With the publication of "Holmby House" in 1860 Whyte Melville may be said to have attained literary fame. It is still probably his most popular book, and deservedly so, for it is one of the best of the historical romances that have described the great Civil War. It is mainly concerned, of course, with the events that took place in Northamptonshire and Oxford, though it also offers picturesque accounts of the trial and execution of Charles the First. The author wrote of the King sympathetically as

> "the ideal of a chivalrous, high-minded monarch, who was worthy of the position he occupied and the devotion he commanded, who was no unfit centre around which grouped themselves the proudest, the bravest, the noblest, the most enthusiastic aristocracy that ever failed to save a sovereign."

Whyte Melville, himself the finest type of aristocrat, a chivalrous and high-souled gentleman, was a cavalier born two centuries out of date. Had he been living in the seventeenth century the Stuarts would have found in him the most devoted of adherents. As it was, he could only express his devotion in romance. He seems like a reincarnation of those gallant cavaliers he conjures up amid the setting of Holmby House, Boughton Hall and Naseby Field.

Having paid tribute to the charm of Charles the First in "Holmby House," Whyte Melville two years later expressed his homage to the White King's unhappy grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, in "The Queen's Maries" (1862). Here is a characteristic passage from

the book illustrating his attitude of romance toward the Stuart Queen:

"But what of the Queen of the Roses, the Mary of Maries, the noblest princess in Europe, the loveliest woman in the world? . . . Still the stately flower bloomed on, fair and fragrant under the pure air of heaven, fair and fragrant in the close confinement and the darkened daylight of a prison-house. But the storm was brewing the while low down in the southern sky; the storm that was about to gather so dark and pitiless, to burst at last in its fury over the Queen of the Roses, and lay that lovely head upon the cold earth, beautiful and majestic even in the pale agony of death."

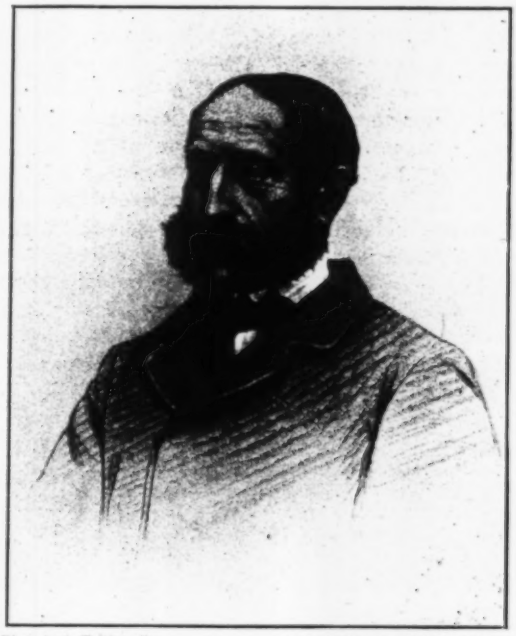


Photo by J. E. Maya".

G. J. Whyte Melville.

"The Queen's Maries" was written at "Bartrams," Hampstead, and from this address, where he lived for two or three years, the author dated, in June, 1862, the dedication of his romance to Agnes Strickland, who fully shared his intense enthusiasm for the Queen of Scots.

Three entirely different novels had been produced in 1861 between the two Stuart romances, the best being "Market Harborough." This work and "Holmby House" form the author's pæan of praise to the county of his adoption—beautiful Northamptonshire with its sylvan splendours and green undulating expanses of rich pasture. "Holmby House" contains exquisite little pen-pictures of the rich wooded country-side of stately Althorp and Boughton. "Market Harborough" is pre-eminently the novel of the Pytchley Hunt. It contains the memorable description of a hunting morning in the chapter entitled "Hail! Smiling Morn."

Another popular novel, "The Gladiators," appeared in 1863. Five more books succeeded, and then in 1869 Whyte Melville published his collected "Songs and Verses." He would have been the last to claim a position in the ranks of authentic poets; nevertheless he had considerable poetical gifts. His lyrical work was as diversified as his prose. He wrote equally well romantic ballads, sad little songs, and gay hunting ditties. And he could paint a picture in a line or two:

"'Twas yet but May, and here and there
Pink and white the blossoms fell,
Quivering down through the summer air
On the shaven sward so trim and bare.
Oh! I remember well
The very network of the tree,
And its shadows dancing on her and me,
My old love, in the garden chair,
Looking upward soft and shy,
With her oval face and her rippling hair,
And the rich white dress she used to wear
And her work laid idly by.
'Tis strange to think of now, and yet
'Twere stranger, harder to forget.

* * * * *

Days and months drag wearily by,
Scenes and shadows, they haunt me still,
The starlit stream and the wintry sky,
And the day dying out on the crest of the hill."

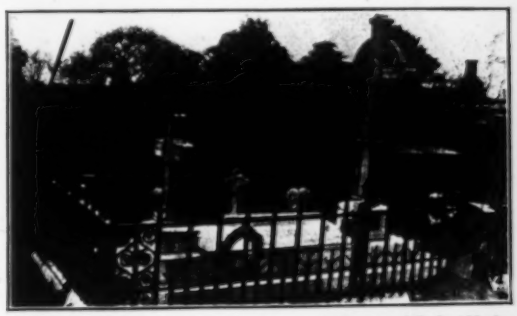
Whyte Melville's best-known poem is seldom credited to him. For the lines were set to music by a talented composer and the song—ever and still a favourite of Melba's—is known as "Tosti's 'Good-bye.'" Yet it might more reasonably be called "Whyte Melville's 'Good-bye,'" for the words were his:

"Falling leaf, and fading tree,
Lines of white in a sullen sea,
Shadows rising on you and me;
The swallows are making them ready to fly,
Wheeling out on a windy sky,
Good-bye, Summer! Good-bye, good-bye!" . . .

In the remaining eight years of his life Whyte Melville wrote eleven more books. His total output during the course of his literary life was twenty-eight works of widely different subject and style produced during a quarter of a century. That was a remarkable achievement, but Whyte Melville always regarded it lightly and as of no importance in comparison with his life in the

Barton-Abbotts, Tetbury, Gloster,

Whyte Melville's home at the date of his death in the hunting field.



Whyte Melville's Grave,

in the Parish Churchyard at Tetbury, Gloster.

These were photographed by Mr. Prescott and sent by the Rev. W. Thomson, both of Tetbury.

hunting field and as a country gentleman. Literature to him was a side issue. He never frequented literary circles, but preferred the society of sporting and military men. He wrote books simply because the gift was in him and had to find expression. There was no financial necessity; the money he received from his publications he gave away in charity. An institute for working men in Northampton, for which he provided £500 from this source of revenue, still bears his name. He particularly liked to provide recreation-rooms for the benefit of grooms and stable-boys.

Whyte Melville's last years were passed at Tetbury in Gloucestershire. His house, Barton-Abbotts, was pleasant, except for the fact that it was rather too near the churchyard. A friend ventured to remark on this objection one day. "Yes," replied Whyte Melville, "perhaps it is for some tastes; but the closer the better for a hunting man: they will not have so far to carry him." A strange and fateful remark. Shortly after, on December 5th, 1878, Whyte Melville went hunting in the Vale of the White Horse. He was mounted on his favourite old horse, Shah. During a run there was an accident. The rider was thrown on his head and instantaneously killed. Whyte Melville's body was conveyed to his house at Tetbury, and a few days later was buried in the adjoining churchyard—"not far to carry him," as the hunting man had previsioned. His pall-bearers were the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquis of Worcester, the Earl of Rosslyn, the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Wolverton, and five others.

Sir Herbert Maxwell finely remarks upon the passing of Whyte Melville: "There was one high-minded gentleman the less in this world—one generous soul the more among the shades."

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

By Louis J. McQuilland.

MR. HENRY DE VERE STACPOOLE, whose latest novel, "Satan," will soon be in the hands of his admirers, was born in Ireland, at no very remote period, of French and Irish parentage. This is an ideal mixing of imaginative strains, and Mr. Stacpoole's art, no doubt, owes a great deal to his blended ancestry. Young Stacpoole was educated at Malvern College and acquired a very considerable amount of classical learning, while distinguishing himself in English composition. From childhood he was always haunted by the call of the sea, and in early manhood he succeeded in sailing practically every sea in the world, roaming everywhere and seeing men and cities with the eye of a man who transmutes the stolid earth into high beauty and the happenings of rich romance. Very few men, even professional explorers, know as much of the wild places of the world as De Vere Stacpoole. He has the same hunger for unfrequented spots and strange solitudes as Jack London had. Stacpoole likes "common people" much more than the "upper classes," and most of his books are about social derelicts and men and women who have to wrest fortune from fate with both hands. "I would like to write about lords, but I can't," was his would-be confession to me.

This romance writer believes implicitly that literature cannot divorce itself from life, and he regards with amazement the attitude of detachment of British literary men towards the questions of to-day. "The fist that holds the pen," he says, "ought to be ready to drop it and strike with the blade when injustice shows its head and when liberty is threatened."

Like most imaginative writers who have a basis of experience for their speculations, Mr. Stacpoole foresaw Germany's menace to England so far back as 1909, when he began to write for the daily press. "As a sailor," he said, "I kept insisting on the bleak fact that England had no naval base in the North Sea, not even a source of refuge where a battleship could be docked for repairs." The ocean call is as insistent with him as ever, and he is at the present time considering a daring project for crossing the Atlantic in a forty-foot yawl, and traversing the Panama Canal to emerge into the Pacific on his cockle-shell.

In his scheme of writing "Stacky," as his intimates call him, has tried to arrange his books geographically, putting them under their scenes of locality—England, Ireland, France, Iceland, Japan, Africa, the South Sea Islands, the West Indies.

He has always had an affection for verse and has written "Poems and Ballads" (inadvertently borrowing the title from Swinburne) and a volume of patriotic lyrics, "The North Sea." He has translated selections from Sappho and François Villon and has in prospect a biography of that poor and wretched Irish poet of lofty genius, Clarence Mangan.

Mr. Stacpoole has been a doctor, but believes in fairies. He is a justice of the peace for Essex and is a member of the Essex Archæological Society, and is sometimes puzzled to know whether he is an Essex man or an Irishman. He practises the simple life in his country domain, embroidered with trips to London and sea voyages.

As a writer Stacpoole cannot be compared with any of his contemporaries. In his exquisite colour sense, his interpretation of the marvels of the sea, his subtle facility for assimilating periods of history, his bold, vigorous, virile dialogue in contrast with his passages of deep sentiment, he stands alone. There is one writer, however—"dear Robert Louis Stevenson"—with whom Stacpoole has comradeship. "The Wrecker" and "The Ebb-Tide" have prefigurations of some of the Stacpoole romances. Joseph Conrad's love of the sea and his reverence for women are shadowed by fear. Stacpoole treats women and the sea with a high-hearted courage and jollity which masks dangers.

It is probable that "The Blue Lagoon" will always be the most favoured of Stacpoole's books because its appeal is universal. It is an idyll of childhood and youth amid tropical splendours which catch the heart by their beauty. The theme of Dick and Emmeline growing up together and gradually awakening to passion is a very delicate one. No one but a writer of the finest

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sensibility could have dealt with the stirring of innocence to knowledge without creating a sense of awkwardness and embarrassment in all those who reverence the spirituality of youth. That extremely sickly romance, "Paul and Virginia," had a European vogue for generations. It is to "The Blue Lagoon" as a bit of coloured glass to a great emerald.

A characteristic example of Stacpoole's rhythmic, descriptive prose is afforded in the opening lines of "The Ship of Coral"—whose name alone fascinates; Stacpoole is always felicitous in titles:

"The sea lay blue to the far horizon. Blue—ah, blue, is but a name till you have seen the sea that breaks round the Virgins and gives anchorage to the tall ships at Port Royal; that great sheet of water stretching from Cape Cetoche to the Windward Islands and from Yucatan to beyond the Bahamas, studded with bays and reefs; the old sea of the buccaneers shot over with the doings of Kidd and Singleton and Horne."

From a few names our novelist can conjure up breathless encounters, the fall of cutlass strokes, ensanguined waters, and then the cleansing chrism of waves and surges that gleam like opals.

Not every admirer of Stacpoole has read his most amazing *tour de force*, "The Street of the Flute Player," dealing with the Athens of Socrates and Aristophanes, that little city which held in it all the glories of architecture, the genius of literature, the pride of oratory, the greatness of drama. To the everlasting merit of that Athens her lowliest slave glowed with as fervent a pride of patriotism as its best endowed aristocrat. Stacpoole has made that place of honour and splendour live again by the witchcraft of his thought and script. The brain tingles at the thought of the great legacy:

"The Athenian," wrote the novelist, "kept his body in a hovel and his soul in the Acropolis. The Acropolis rode the city like a dream; white, triumphant, pure as snow; immortal in its grace and loveliness, the city of temples and statues stood above the city of mean streets and of poor houses, blazed above it as a flame above a lamp."

There is, again, a wonderful passage in the plighting of Diomed and Nitetis in the moments before daybreak:

"Outside the ever-brightening dawn was stripping the shadows from the street. . . . Pillar by pillar the Parthenon broke out like a temple of feast, and the spare white pillars of the Prophylæa were tinged with a reflection of the dawn. In absolute stillness the city of Art was taking form, a miracle in the clear and crystal air, a city where love was miraculous as a rose in a world of marble."

"The Pools of Silence," Stacpoole's one novel with a purpose, is one of the most terrible indictments in literature of slavery and all that slavery stands for. King Leopold's bloodstained rule of the Congo in the interest of mercantile rubber was assailed from a hundred points of view in journalism and in the results of special commissions. It is certain that Stacpoole's book opened the eyes of the people of the world to the hidden horrors of that place of punishment and tears where men and women were horribly mutilated for not obtaining their due quota of rubber for the suave old gentlemen who ruled Belgium in the days gone by. The figure of Captain Berselius, that arch-devil of callous cruelty, is an unforgettable one in the fearful chapter in which he gloats over the intolerable flogging of the old native woman with rhinoceros-hide whips:

Photo by Porter, Ventnor. **H. de Vere Stacpoole.**

"A semicircle of blood on the ground marked her gyrations. Once she almost gained her feet, but a blow on the face sent her down again. She put her hands to her poor face, and the rhinoceros-whips caught her on the hands, breaking them. She flung herself on her back, and they beat her on the stomach, cutting through the walls of the abdomen till the intestines protruded. She flung herself on her face and they cut into her back with the whip till her ribs were bare and the fat bulged through the long slashes. . . . The thing that had been a black woman and now seemed like nothing earthly except a bundle of red rags, gave up the miserable soul it contained and, stiffening in the clutches of tetanus, became a hoop."

Beside such a ghastly passage the most poignant descriptions of brutality to negroes in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" sound like items of fashionable intelligence.

Stacpoole is particularly happy in stories of old France. "The Order of Release" and "Monsieur de Rochefort" have the crisp, gallant dialogue and rapier-play of Dumas, and the atmosphere of feminine intrigue pervades them like rose-pink clouds. "The Drums of War" tells of those dark days in 1870 when the Uhlans rode to the walls of Paris to the "metallic, cantankerous sound" of the drums of Bismarck and Moltke. "The Bourgeois" is a smiling novel that Leonard Merrick would be proud of. Stacpoole is observed in still lighter vein in a collaboration with his clever wife, "Uncle Simon."

His biggest public, however, is enthralled by his stories of the sea like "The Pearl Fishers," "The Beach of Dreams," "The Reef of Stars." His new novel, "Satan: A Story of the Sea-Kings' Country," which Hutchinsons are just publishing, should in some respects, judging by what he tells me of it, be his best book in this kind. Satan, I learn, is a young hero-villain, extraordinarily likeable and with loyalty to people he trusts; Jude Tyler is a pretty savage in boy's clothing, coarse, uneducated, wild, a gutter-sparrow of the sea.

I asked Mr. Stacpoole if he thought that a sentimental

public would take this female Jude the Obscure to its bosom, and he replied, "I never underrate the intelligence of my public, and I have little fear of their misunderstanding me. Jude, I admit, is a pretty tough proposition, but she is alive, and she is a real good sort. When I say alive I mean that she is very real to me, and when I call her a good sort I feel that average human beings like myself will like her because of her downright honesty and her jolly comradeship. Her brother, Satan, is not really a bad boy, though he has his own ideas of *meum* and *teum*, and is, indeed, more than a little of a pirate. I fear I am getting garrulous and cock-sure in boosting my own characters, but I stand in the place of a father, or at least a benevolent uncle, to these waifs of the sea, and would like to give them a character before they are fully revealed in their small craft, the *Sarah Tyler*, sailing slickly by the great Bahama bank."

Further questioned as to whether the new romance would bear any resemblance to "The Blue Lagoon," Mr. Stacpoole smiled pensively and said, "Books are the fruit of moods, and that mood has passed. Besides, I don't care for sequels and have no belief in repetitions. Sea-line and sky-line will be there, cloudless tropic nights and days that blaze in green and blue. That pageant is eternal in the South Seas; but the human element is always changing in retrospection and outlook. My villains, Carquinez, Sellers and Cleary are not twopenny coloured pirates. I have met men like them and there was some humanity in them. My hero, Bobby Ratcliffe, of Brazenose, is just an ordinary decent young chap with a boy's delight for adventure. There is as little starch about him as there is about his friend, Jude."

"All this sounds like a happy ending," I suggested. Stacpoole smiled again dubiously. "Well, it all depends on what you call a happy ending," he returned. "Some of my friends will say that the *dénouement* is a joyous one, and others will declare that it seems a tragedy. As I told you I have only written one novel with a purpose. The ending of 'Satan' is a *naïf* and unexpected problem. When you see the book between the covers you might tell me whether you stand with the pessimists or optimists."

As the result of a sustained cross-examination of a most good-natured and unpretentious master-craftsman, I can report that in spite of the long list of books to Mr. Stacpoole's tally, he has a score of new ideas in his head for further work. Stacpoole is one of the few men who has never gone stale. His toil as a writer has always been a labour of love.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1921.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best appreciation in not more than a hundred and fifty words of the music of any living British composer.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—The PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Margaret Brown, of 1, Werter Road, Putney, S.W.15, and Lucy Malleson, of 25, Auriol Road, West Kensington, W.14, for the following:

SILENCE.

Out of an empty heart I made you songs
For singing in your absence; and it seemed
Easy enough to speak of all I dreamed:
Easy enough to clothe with words my need:
Simple indeed
Out of an empty heart to make you songs!

Now that my heart is filled my words are spent:
I bring you gifts of silence! Love is wise,
And stills my lips to speak from out my eyes!
Wherefore, look long and deeply, love, for so
Silence shall show
How that my heart is filled . . . and my words spent.

MARGARET BROWN.

THE SECRET.

Oh, Beauty isn't just the rose
That lifts its face to greet the sky,
It's something deeper than the rose,
But only He Who made it knows
What Beauty is, and why.

And Beauty isn't in your breast,
Your clasping hands, your eyes, your brow,
It's something hidden in your breast
Where Love has laid him down to rest,
But only Love knows how.

Love isn't just the things we see,
Know, hear and handle, you and I,
It's something deeper than we see,
That God has sown in you and me,
But only God knows why.

LUCY MALLESON.

We also select for printing :

VALE.

Our paths divide, and as we stand and gaze
Into the future, dimly there we see
For you the mighty highway, and the ways
Of ships and traffic through the busy days,
The quiet, sequestered country lane for me.

Your way leads on to worlds and men unknown,
To high adventure and to deeds of fame,
In crowded cities, in the wilds alone
From change to change in varying fortune thrown,
While my quiet way for ever runs the same.

Yet where the green leaves rustle in the breeze
I shall be travelling your road with you,
Through deserts wild and over storm-toss'd seas ;
Whatever fortune sends of ill or ease,
I shall be with you ; I shall share it too.

(T. Kent, 35, Bellevue Road, Southampton.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Rev. F. H. Keyworth (Chislehurst), Beatrice Hopley (Goole), Margaret Gladys Allen (Leeds), Ella Rivers Noble (Forest Rise), Derek Gilpin Barnes (Hampstead), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), H. Plaskitt (Cambridge), J. A. Lloyd (Ferndale), G. M. Tuckett (Barry Docks), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), E. Jotham (Port St. Mary), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), Una Malleson (London, W.), G. Laurence Groom (Regent's Park), L. Lopdell (London, W.), William A. G. Kemp (Northwood), Pauline Meadows (London, E.C.), Arthur R. Groves (Chelsea), Eleanor Hebblethwaite (Wimbledon), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), B. J. (Margate), Isobel Sim (Natal, South Africa), S. R. Noyes (Parys, Orange Free State), L. M. Priest (Norwich), Helen de Veer (Strasburg, Alsace), Robert C. Bodker (Streatham), Pearl Luscher (Rochester, New York), Archie L. Pearce (Sydenham), Arthur A. Eaglestone (Parkgate, near Rotherham), Margaret Rivers Larminie (London, S.W.), James Paton (Natal, South Africa), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Kathleen Slater (Southport), Zoe Provis (New Zealand), Lillian S. Pomeroy (Grand Rapids, Mich., U.S.A.), Geta Gay (Upper Holloway), Mariquita Gutierrez (San Sebastian, Spain), Ivan Adair (Dublin), D. E. Peploe (Lanark), Mary Graham Telford (Great Yarmouth), Mrs. R. Purchas (Victoria, Australia), Miss H. A. Dudgeon (Musselburgh).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to I. V. Russell, of 22, Glenorchy Terrace, Edinburgh, for the following :

THE MAN WHO DID THE RIGHT THING.

BY SIR HARRY JOHNSTONE. (Chatto & Windus.)

" He went on Sunday to the church."
H. W. LONGFELLOW, *The Village Blacksmith.*

We also select for printing :

THE FACTS OF THE CASE. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

" In a drinking-well
Which the plumber built her,
Aunt Jemima fell——
We must buy a filter."
HARRY GRAHAM, *Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes.*

(Theodora M. Fagan, Corner House, Bushey Heath.)

RACING RIVALS. BY NAT GOULD. (John Long.)

" Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
Away went hat and wig."
COWPER, *The History of John Gilpin.*

(John A. Bellchambers, 1, Clifton Villas, Highgate Hill, N.19.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best brief essay for or against early rising is awarded to M. P. Lillie, of Brae House, Ullapool, Rossshire, Scotland, for the following :

Aroint thee, early-riser ! Thy smug self-complacency grates my very soul—thou, forsooth who, like the veritable worm, goest forth early to snatch the prize—filthy lucre. Darest thou, who parted with thy couch so unceremoniously, flout me, who omitted no oblation due to that despot ?

Behold my complacence—not with self but with mankind! What a down-dropping of the kindly dew of benignity the last hour—prolonged surreptitiously to two or more—in bed engenders ! No assertive consciousness of virtue jars in the late-riser ; but, aware of the frailty of human nature, he overlooks, or sympathises with, the weakness of others. That last hour produces all the sweetest dreams and happiest thoughts of our great thinkers—denied to the dull mechanical fellow who believes in that banal sophistry of the " successful " :

" Early to bed, early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

Trinity: The Hall Entrance from the Great Court.

From "Cambridge by Lamplight." By P. B. Redmayne. (Heffer & Sons.) Reviewed in this Number.

Opinions about early rising are very much divided ; the majority seem to think it is only a virtue when it is also a necessity. We select for special commendation from the many replies received those by G. V. D. Rybot (Oxford), Norman C. Gould (London, W.), E. Theodora Herrington (Ware), S. M. Isaacson (London, W.), G. Ralton Barnard (York), Victor S. Pritchett (Bromley), V. Salisbury (Putney), W. E. Atkinson (Doncaster), J. Jackson (Beverley), Lottie Hoskins (Birmingham), " Town Sparrow " (Halifax), Enid Beyton (Beckenham), J. T. Harris (Grange-over-Sands), Ruth Hardwick (Hornsey), E. K. Ryde (Weybridge), P. Sharp (Doncaster), A. Y. Stewart (Bearsden), B. Surtees (Hove), Gladys Yates (Dulverton), L. N. Thomas (Littlehampton), Sidney Anderson (West Didsbury), Mabel Westby-Nunn (Cheltenham Spa), R. B. Lawrence (Hendon), J. Baker (London, N.), Mrs. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), Marie Russell Brown (Glasgow), Winifred E. Dimmock (Putney), F. Waterfield (Menton-Garavan, France), Kate I. Swan (Gosforth).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Mrs. John Adams, of 23, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W.3, for the following :

THE TRUMPET IN THE DUST.

BY CONSTANCE HOLME. (Mills & Boon.)

It is the telling of the story that makes this novel stand out, gloomy, arresting and apart. The action takes place in twelve sunny hours of a September day, the heroine is a charwoman, her goal an almshouse to herself. But Miss Holme, who gratifies a passion of her own for *le mot juste*,

has made, with these simple materials, an unforgettable book. Every character stands out like a Meissonier etching; she has taken as motto *multum in parvo*. She has got deep into the heart, not only of her village, but of her villagers; and into ours also.

We also select for printing:

LIFE AND LITERATURE. By LAFCADIO HEARN.
(Heinemann.)

How happy I felt when I opened this book and read some of the titles—"The Prose of Small Things," "Literary Genius," "George Borrow," "On Composition"—all themes for understanding and controversy. As I read the book I could see Lafcadio Hearn lecturing in his lovable, understanding way to those Japanese students, and I wondered if there were any Lafcadio Hearns in our schools of to-day. I would give his three books, "Interpretations of Literature," "Appreciations of Poetry" and "Life and Literature" to all young people, and particularly those who are seeking a guide to all that is good in our English literature.

(A. A. Cocker, 5, Bradford Terrace, Bury, Lancs.)

MADAM. By ETHEL SIDGWICK.
(Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Miss Sidgwick has intimate acquaintance with that Comic Spirit dear to Meredith, to whom indeed she may claim close intellectual relationship. With consummate skill, a subtle hint here, a suggestive remark there, she reveals the complex and fascinating figure of Mott Lane, her "modern Galahad," perhaps the most interesting and original character-study in Miss Sidgwick's gallery. "Madam" herself, though overshadowed by the surprising Mott, is a delicate portrait drawn with a fine point, and the laughter of the Comic Muse is often subdued to a deep and tender note as the situation between these two is developed.

(Isabelle Griffin, Enville Cottage, Bradmore, Wolverhampton.)

WHY WE SHOULD READ——. By S. P. B. MAIS.
(Grant Richards.)

Mr. Mais states in his introduction that his object here is to enjoy rather than to analyse. He wants to carry enthusiasts along with him; he succeeds. He shows us, as only a book-lover can, how to appreciate the writers of other countries, and his essays will appeal especially to those who, while possessing real love and feeling for literature, are not so learned in its lore as they would like to be.

(G. W. Bowes, Sherwood, Rishton, near Blackburn.)

THE EDUCATION OF ERIC LANE.
By STEPHEN MCKENNA. (Hutchinson.)

In this second part of "The Sensationalists," we find Lady Barbara Neave, although declaring herself bound to a missing man, ripe for a fresh sensation. This she achieves by undertaking the emotional education of a young literary "lion." When her methods have resulted in his nervous breakdown and her grand passion, the missing man returns—but omits to claim her. This study of a neurotic egoist, selfishly indulging her passion for one man, but unwilling to abandon her romantic pose of self-immolation before the other, is brilliantly conceived. The book breaks off leaving her ultimate destiny still undecided.

(B. N. Saxelby, 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by M. J. Eayres (Hornsey), Winifred Bates (Bridport), M. C. Smyth (Bournemouth), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), M. M. Butterfield (Ilford), G. Pitt (London, N.), Mollie Young (Battersea), A. R. MacPhail (Passay, Paris), A. M. Count (King's Lynn), Mannington Sayers (Totnes), O. M. Pilkington (Harrogate), J. C. Scott (Cheltenham), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley, Kent), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Winifred Lander (Lesmahagow), Pixie H. Baird (Bayswater), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), "Lawrence" (St. Leonards), Louise Harbourne (Manchester), M. A. Lotz (Wimbledon Common), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), B. Webb (Birmingham), Miss L. Mugford (London, S.W.), Miss M. Waters (Cape Town), Miss D. M. Welsh (Peckham Rye), J. T. Harris (Grange-over-Sands), James A. Richards (Tenby).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to D. M. Atkinson, 44, St. Mark's Road, Leeds.

THE POETRY OF WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

By ANTHONY CLYNE.

WE have been entertained and not infrequently enlightened recently by the second part of "My Diaries," but there is some danger of our forgetting that Mr. Blunt is a poet. A diplomatist, a politician, a traveller, a breeder of famous Arabian horses, a champion of Egyptian and Irish nationalism, even imprisoned for two months in the latter cause, he is not of the temperament which has yielded many notable poets. Some thirty-five years ago, in a preface to "Love Sonnets of Proteus," he wrote: "No life is perfect that has not been lived—youth in feeling—manhood in battle—and old age in meditation!" The Diaries are pregnant publications belonging chiefly to the last period, for Mr. Blunt is now eighty years old. The two volumes of "Poetical Works" represent the first and second periods. The "final and complete edition" was issued in 1914, when he had "reached the third stage of a long life very much of action."

Mr. Blunt's first volume of poetry contained his finest work. Never afterwards did he for long attain the sheer force, imperfectly controlled, crudely fashioned, but veritable poetic force, of "Love Sonnets of Proteus," published in 1880, when he was forty. They are carelessly irregular. Their deliberate defiance of poetic canons, not mere indifference or neglect, but evidently intentional startling transgressions of the conventions of rhyme, cannot be pardoned. These astonishing crudities are not the results of ignorance or defective musical sense. He has of set purpose rough-hewn his sonnets, either for the sake of a theory or with the insouciance of a gifted amateur. And yet they do possess a fresh strength, an intensity of feeling, an originality of outlook, and an unquestionable sincerity. Take this one, for example, on "St. Valentine's Day":

"To-day, all day, I rode upon the Down,
With hounds and horsemen, a brave company.
On this side in its glory lay the sea,
On that the Sussex Weald, a sea of brown.
The wind was light, and brightly the sun shone,
And still we galloped on from gorse to gorse.
And once, when checked, a thrush sang, and my horse

Pricked his quick ears as to a sound unknown.
I knew the Spring was come, I knew it even
Better than all by this, that through my chase
In bush and stone and hill and sea and heaven
I seemed to see and follow still your face.
Your face my quarry was. For it I rode,
My horse a thing of wings, myself a god."

That is the genuinely poetic expression of one who knows the country primarily as a sportsman and country gentleman. It is no shadowy reflection that he contemplates and writes of, but the authentic experience. In his poetry we are always shown realities, as real as the trout on the grass of Goodwood Down, "four silver pounds, sublimely fat and fair." And equally real, with no sickening touch of that conventional rapture that destroys so many poets, is the conclusion:

"The sport is fair, luck fair, and Nature's face
Fairest of all."

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.

One may gauge Mr. Blunt's quality as a poet by turning from one of his unpolished, proudly careless sonnets to some musical boudoir verse or the merely clever intricacies and carefully contrived vagaries of some modern verse-writers. In his work there is neither the unreal world of the boudoir, nor that of the rebellious innovator for innovation's sake. These other verses seem like the insubstantial deceptions they are, beside his realities, realities sometimes partially perceived, of course, often clumsily seized, as one might carelessly take up a book by one cover, and exhibited with casual uncouthness, as one might thrust the book into a friend's hands, but still always realities.

Mr. Blunt's career as a young man in the diplomatic service brought to him conviction of the rights of small and oppressed nations. His enthusiastic championship of the cause of Arabi Pasha was a generous defence by a generous nature. In "England, my England," inspired by resentment at the misunderstanding by some of his country's attitude towards the Egyptian question, we are in touch with real passion, no "literary" sentiment of the usual patriotic verse. His advocacy of Irish freedom was real. One does not endure imprisonment for "literary" sentiment. "The honour," as he proudly called it, of that incarceration was celebrated by the verses of "In Vinculus," published in 1889. "The Wind and the Whirlwind" of 1883 and "Satan Absolved" of 1889 are eloquent verses denunciatory of that British imperialism, which he conceived as selfish, unjust, cruel. Utterly sincere the books are, but, as might be expected from their topic, they have not the value as literature of his earlier work. Mr. Blunt is still the implacable foe of Imperialism and the champion of down-trodden peoples. "India, Egypt, and Ireland come in with the coffee" invariably in those latest Diaries of his.

"Griselda, a Society Novel in Rhymed Verse," published in 1893, though it cannot be accused of being reminiscent of Byron, must surely have had its original, if remote, inspiration in "Don Juan." Byron, indeed, is the only poet with whom one can compare him with any relevancy. His faults are not identical with, but they are akin to those of Byron, and so there is a similarity in their excellences. Temperamentally he is not very unlike Byron, with his cynicism yet romantic fervour, his versatility of pursuits, his championship of national freedom, his essential vitality, his worldly insouciance. Versatile Mr. Blunt has been in literature as in life, ranging from a play for the Irish theatre to the translations of "Seven Golden Odes of Pagan Arabia," published in 1903. So "Griselda" follows "Don Juan" in fluent verses, carelessly handled, witty, penetratingly satiric, but with no cloying overrichness of studied epigram. Action is more to him than poetry, life than art, as it was to Byron.

"I would not, if I could, be called a poet,
I have no natural love of the 'chaste muse';
If aught be worth the doing I would do it;
And others, if they will, may tell the news. . . .
The faith I hold I held, as when a boy
I left my books for cricket-bat and gun."

He is a poet because he enjoys exercising his skill, delights in utterance, and because he does possess skill and a true poetic utterance.

As Matthew Arnold wrote of the poet Gray as though composing a fantasia on the phrase, "He never spoke out," so we are inclined to reiterate that word "realities," in the case of Mr. Blunt's poetry. This method of interpretation has its danger of straining the application unduly, but it is of considerable illuminative value here. Mr. Blunt desires truth above beauty. The thing he says is far more important to him than the verbal form he may adopt. He will have reality, and very often he succeeds in obtaining it. It is no vain boast or self-deception, when he writes "To one with his sonnets":

"This is the book. For evil and for good
What my life was in it is written plain.
There are no dreams, but things of flesh and blood,
The past that lived and shall not live again.

He has the great desire and also the keen sight for reality. He will have the reality of love. "How shall I tell it?" he asks in "Esther":

> "How shall I tell it? As the poets tell
> Who wrap love in a garment of vain light?
> Or plainly naked, the poor child of Hell
> And laughter that it is and starless night?
> I like the truth best. Yet this love, sad thing,
> Mired, and defiled, I saw it once a King."

Because of this passionate search for reality, after our recovery from the unprepossessing roughness of his verse, we find in it a thrill of vigour, a directness of vision, that is given by few poets.

One of his truest poems is that Sussex Pastoral, "Worth Forest." Those lines concerning Myrtle the cow are worth a thousand fanciful rhapsodies in our immeasurable mass of minor poetry:

> "I love to touch the links between us, the blind kindness
> Of joy unreasoned, solace in the sun, in shade delight.
> The inhuman part of Man is still the best, his love of children,
> His love of meads and vales at home, his fondness for his kind."

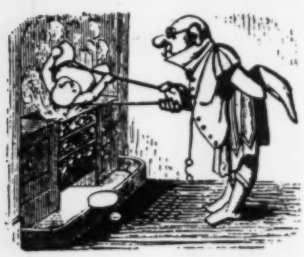
The blacksmith of the Sevenoaks of Cromwellian days, Master Gale, "our house's founder," who "died possessed of some four thousand acres of the best land in the parish" acquired by forty years of labour, prudent management, and skilful buying—this man is real as can be. It is the writing of one who has journeyed about this world not a little, and heartily liked and heartily disliked, aided and fought many men, served and opposed many causes. His is a bold temper, but with no disagreeable assertiveness.

Not all, of course, of Mr. Blunt's poetry will survive. He called himself "a Mid-Victorian poet a little in advance of his epoch," with more truth than is apparent on the surface of this characteristic utterance. His will be a small portion, perhaps, in the final anthology of Mid-Victorian poetry, but it will contain some rare things and true things. He describes in one of his sonnets the three pictures that most he loves, and they are a smiling woman by the sea, an old knight watching his dead son, and a bull dying in the arena. They symbolise his poetry with a significance that need not be expounded.

THE IDENTITY OF DOD GRILE.

By Walter Jerrold.

IT may well be that to many readers the name of Dod Grile is not known, though the author who for a brief while disguised himself under that name is one of the four greatest short story writers that America has yet produced. To me the pen name has been familiar ever since I was a turner-over of wares in the twopenny and fourpenny boxes of King's treasures in old Holywell Street, a timid glancer at the horrible temptations of the shilling shelf. Memories of that place—which has itself long since become but a memory—include those of a paper-covered book with a fearsome cover on which was depicted a man holding a baby over a fire with a pair of tongs, and below the arriding couplet:



Vignette.
From title page of "The Fiend's Delight," by Dod Grile. Drawn by W. S. Gilbert.

> "Count that day lost whose low descending sun
> Sees at thy hand no worthy action done."

The title of the book had passed from memory, but the name of the author, the picture and those words remained.

Recently, having occasion to read a number of the stories of Ambrose Bierce, and to inquire more closely into the story of the author's life than a reader customarily has to do, I found according to reference books—even the wonderful Allibone, and the British Museum Catalogue—that there were two Bierces, Ambrose, the writer of some of the most remarkable short stories in English literature, and M. H., who had elected to be known by the pen name of Dod Grile. But little investigation was necessary to establish the fact that reference books and British Museum catalogue are alike wrong, that Dod Grile, M. H. Bierce and Ambrose Bierce all represent one and the same person. Presumably—though this is but inference—Ambrose Bierce bore also his father's Christian name, and was in full Marcus Ambrose Bierce. For the M. H. of the reference books and catalogue we must now read Ambrose, or possibly M. A.

In 1874, in New York, Dod Grile published a volume entitled "Cobwebs from an Empty Skull"; and in the year before he published in London a volume entitled "The Fiend's Delight," and a curious fact about them is that the volume published in New York consisted of papers that the writer had recently contributed to a London periodical, *Fun*, while the volume published in London consisted of earlier contributions to "various Californian journals."

It is known that in 1872 Bierce—who had led a wandering life and fought in the American Civil War—was in London, where he fell in with Thomas Hood the younger, W. S. Gilbert and the rest of the *Fun* circle, and that he contributed to that paper "The Fables of Zambri the Parsee." The first series of these ran from July 13th to September 28th (with illustrations by Ernest Griset and other artists). Then came a gap; on November 16th Dod Grile contributed a fable in verse, and on November 23rd a second series of the prose fables began.

Lately when I was looking through one of those most attractive of miscellaneous things that the postman

ever brings, a catalogue of second-hand books, I came across an item that especially arrested attention—"The Fiend's Delight," by Dod Grile. On the "off chance" that it was my old friend of Booksellers' Row, I sent for the volume, and it proved to be the veritable thing, only instead of the paper-covered reprint it was the original issue of 1873. The wicked drawing which I had remembered as cover decoration is here in its original form as a title-page vignette—obviously drawn by W. S. Gilbert. My memory had not been strictly accurate, for the lines beneath the sketch are:

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

The book is a very remarkable one, remarkable for its individuality, its obvious intent to annoy and shock all the ordinary feelings and prejudices of good taste. It has the daring of genius, and its character may perhaps be best briefly indicated by quoting the preface:

"The atrocities constituting this 'cold collation' of diabolisms are taken mainly from various Californian journals. They are cast in the American language, and liberally enriched with unintelligibility. If they should prove incomprehensible on this side of the Atlantic, the reader can pass to the other side at a moderately extortionate charge. In the pursuit of my design I think I have killed a good many people in one way and another; but the reader will please to observe that they were not people worth the trouble of leaving alive. Besides, I had the interests of my collaborator to consult. In writing, as in compiling, I have been ably assisted by my scholarly friend, Mr. Satan; and to this worthy gentleman must be attributed most of the views herein set forth. While the plan of the work is partly my own, its spirit is wholly his; and this illustrates the ascendancy of the creative over the merely imitative mind. *Palmam qui meruit ferat*—I shall be content with the profit."

Ambrose Bierce.

They are cast in the American language—which, it may be said, is much clearer English than is employed by some of Dod Grile's successors. As for the killing of many people, that is an essential part of Mr. Dod Grile's humour. He is ever presenting something essentially horrible and grim in an atmosphere of fun which kills the horrible itself. His tragedy is carried to the height of the ludicrous, as exemplified in the tale of the boy whose father's head is chopped off by a mowing machine. The boy picks it up and takes it indoors to his mother to be asked quietly where he got it, and to reply: "Why, ma, that's pap's."

"'John,' and there was just a touch of severity in her voice—'when your mother asks you a question you should answer that particular question. Where did you get this?'

"'Out in the medder, then, if yer so derned pertikeller,' retorted the youngster, somewhat piqued; 'the mowing machine lopped it off.'

"The old lady rose and restored the head into the hands of the young man. Then, straightening with some difficulty her aged back, and assuming a matronly dignity of bearing and feature, she emitted the rebuke following:

"'My son, the gentleman whom you hold in your hand—any more pointed allusion to whom would be painful to both of us—has punished you a hundred times for meddling with things lying about the farm. Take that head back and put it down where you found it, or you will make your mother very angry.'"

Thus it is with many of the stories of the section entitled "Some Fiction"—the surprise anti-climax to the tragic. In another, having parleyed over-long with an optimist, Mr. Grile "twisted the head off that hopeful old party, surrendered himself to the authorities—and was at once discharged." In another, an old drunkard, moved by the New Year's bells, swears that he will never touch intoxicating liquor again.

"Then looking down and tenderly smiling into the eyes of his wife, he said: 'Is it not well, dear one?' With a face beaming all over with a new happiness, she replied:

"'Indeed it is, John, let s take a drink.' And they took one, she with sugar and he plain.

"The spot is still pointed out to the traveller."

These shortest of short stories—of about two to four hundred words each—are followed by "Tall Talk"—delightful essaylets on many themes and often with that particular note by which the writer sought to shock the smug and especially the religiously smug. Delicious is his conclusion to a talk on the country newspaper—"God bless the man who first invented the country newspaper!—though Sancho Panza blessed him once before." "Current Journalings," "Laughorisms," "Musings," also form part of the volume, which concludes with "Poesy," including some remarkable nonsense, a savage epitaph on George Francis Train—more savage than anything in that book of merry epitaphs, "Black Beetles in Amber"—and one piece that, but for its sting, might have been written by Bierce's colleague on *Fun*, W. S. Gilbert.

Now the curious thing is that in the collected works of Ambrose Bierce, a dozen brave volumes published in America in 1909–13—would that a British issue were made available!—neither of these "Dod Grile" books is included, though some of the epigrams at the end of vol. 8, and some of the "Tangential Views" of vol. 9 are taken from "The Fiend's Delight"—enough of them to establish beyond a peradventure, if any doubt remained, that Dod Grile was Ambrose Bierce.

New Books.

PAUL VERLAINE.*

There can be little question that this critical biography of Verlaine is one of the most distinguished books of the kind written by any living contemporary. There are of course trivial reservations to be made. It is conceivable that some judges will hesitate before the roseate picturesqueness of Mr. Nicolson's style, which occasionally permits itself an almost lyric note of sympathy or vision; but personally I should not be among them. On the other hand there will, no doubt, be readers who feel no annoyance at all at Mr. Nicolson's persistent use of the "paulo-post futurum" ("A girl-cousin, who was to live with the family throughout Verlaine's childhood"; or "At first Verlaine was to study law"); although to my own ear the trick soon assumes the irritation of a mannerism. But in any case these are the lightest trifles. The really important point about Mr. Nicolson's book is the integrity of its workmanship; the unquestionable quality of sound critical and interpretative judgment and fine narrative tact, expressed in English of true sensibility, flexible, persuasive, full of charm. The subject is not an easy one to present with acceptance, especially to an English public, for the faults of Verlaine's wayward and irresponsible temperament were precisely the faults least congenial to a British taste. Mr. Nicolson does not excuse the faults, nor does he condemn them. He shows them simply as inseparable from the nature which they tormented, and by the very moderation of his portraiture he almost imperceptibly draws the reader into sympathy with his subject. There is subtlety in the method, but it is the subtlety of nature, not of artifice. The entire portrait glows with colour against a drab and sombre background.

I have said that Verlaine's faults were uncongenial to the British temperament, and the point is worth consideration, because it embodies the essence of Verlaine's spiritual and social failure. The Englishman's education, it would be generally agreed, is primarily designed to promote independence of character. The English ideal is self-reliance and self-restraint. But self-reliance and self-restraint were the very last qualities to manifest themselves in the career of Paul Verlaine. It was the first truth about him that he always leant upon others for guidance, and that he ruined his life by his inability to resist his craving for alcohol. The story, which Mr. Nicolson sets forth, of aimless drifting from one friend or mistress to another, with its swift kaleidoscope of office and farm life, of prison and class-room, of hill-side and slum, ending in a collapse into besotted dependence and lachrymose regret—the whole story is one which traditional British morality might well choose as the text for a characteristically British homily. Verlaine was everything which a typical Englishman does not wish to be. And yet Mr. Nicolson breaks down British prejudice and brings Verlaine home to our sympathy. How does he do it? Not, most certainly, by belittling Verlaine's shortcomings, but simply by the sheer force of unaffected human sympathy and by his own instinctive understanding of a nature of "fluid simplicity and painful impotence," which was none the less irradiated by love, and acutely sensitive to love in others.

It is the inevitable failing of a weak character to idealise the object of its passion; to expect more than is humanly possible in return for its own devotion; and then, in its disappointment, to lose faith in the value of life. Verlaine's story is an exact example. He idealised his wife, his friends, his mistresses, threw himself upon them for inspiration or for comfort, and was continually repelled and devastated by a sense of disillusion. He drifted uncertainly from one dream to another:

> "Et je m'en vais
> Au vent mauvais
> Qui m'emporte
> Deça, delà,
> Pareil à la
> Feuille morte."

His emotions drove him along, a waif of the imagination. He sought a respite from them in religion, but his religion was only another form of emotional indulgence. When he returned from prison to his dissolute genius of a friend, Arthur Rimbaud, and poured into his ears the fervours of proselytism, Rimbaud turned upon him and beat him till he bled. It was the brutal answer of a strong man to a weak one, the last, fierce protest of fiery intolerance. In the same way the world itself treated Verlaine later on. In the feverish struggle for life there is no patience with the dissatisfied and petulant dreamer.

Out of all the wreckage, however, the poetry survives, and it receives its proper recognition in Mr. Nicolson's pages. Verlaine was a poet of the transition, and suffers from his intermediary place in the history of French verse. The Romantics, culminating in Victor Hugo, were already spent and finished, when Verlaine began to write, and before he had sung his last song the Parnassians, who followed the Romantics, were themselves fading into the shadows. Verlaine bridges the gulf between the Parnassians and the Symbolists. The Romantics failed because they lacked intellectual basis. They were the slaves of the emotions, and they were wrecked on the reef of unreality. The Parnassians failed because they sought the wrong remedy for Romanticism. They "threw back" to the classicists in their passion for order and for form, but they spread all their energy upon the technicalities of their art; as Mr. Nicolson admirably puts it, "they failed to grasp that what the new generation needed so passionately was Truth." Meanwhile the air was already stirred by the first whispers of symbolism. In our author's own picturesque phrase: "it hung as a summer mist among the hedgerows, it lingered slowly drawn in copse and meadow, and it spread silently and with a strange gentleness across the face of Europe." Verlaine caught and reflected this floating aspiration and wove it into a wistful cadence, but it never strengthened in his hands into a mature philosophy; it never interpreted or enlightened the hidden depths of life. As with his character, so with his art—the product of Verlaine never developed. He was the same spiritual weakling at fifty as he had been at fifteen. His fancy wasted in passionate dreams. . . .

> "Je me souviens
> Des jours anciens
> Et je pleure. . . ."

Yellow, sere and vacillating, the drifting leaf still danced along before the wind.

No, certainly it is not a story after the heart of Britain; but by the ingenious use of imagery, in a passage of penetrating beauty, Mr. Nicolson brings its requiem into tune with that universal sympathy which attends upon all those for whom the ways of the world are too hard to be reconcilable:

> "For those," he says, "who lived before the war the spirit of Paul Verlaine will for long be merged with that of the fair city which he loved so fatally. For them his spirit will still limp and linger in boulevard and alley, in bookshop and in tavern; or along those quays whose jumbled outlines glitter in the gay and gentle river, as it slides with garbaged waters past church, past prison and past charnel-house; and so, through soft French meadows, to the sea."

The spirit of Verlaine's life and work is in that passage—church and charnel-house, glittering wave and floating garbage; and beyond them, blossom and green banks, and rest at last in the everlasting restlessness of the deep.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

* "Paul Verlaine." By Harold Nicolson. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

SAPPER'S NEW STORIES.*

"Sapper's" new volume has all the old raciness. It contains a dozen stories. They are the crisp, workmanlike products of a man of character, and he delivers them with an engaging bluntness. His contempt for the war profiteer and the get-rich-quick gang of to-day still flares up brightly alongside of his admiration for the badly treated ex-officer. One feels that the sigh of the groom in Boddington's livery stable is "Sapper's" sigh:

"But what could you expect these times, when most of the men who could ride in days gone by would ride no more; and a crowd of galloping tinkers, with rank cigars and ranker manners, had taken their places?"

The man in ratcatcher comes to the livery stable to hire a horse for the Leicestershire hunt. He ought not to be there at all, for years ago he allowed himself to be reported killed so that he could drop out of his world and satisfy a quixotic debt of honour. But he cannot keep away from the hunting field, and by an ingenious turn of the story he is forced to disclose his identity in order to save the girl he loves from disaster. Pride of another kind—pride of family—burns in "The Unbroken Line," which tells of the daring subterfuge adopted by a peer to prevent his historic name from passing out of the direct line to a cheat and waster. Not a few of the stories handle problems of powerful human interest arising directly out of the war. "The Poser," for example, tackles in a bold but sympathetic manner the problem of the young war widow who out of loyalty to her dead husband feels she ought to turn a deaf ear to life and all its joys. Engrossing from first page to last, "The Man in Ratcatcher" is a welcome and characteristic addition to the "Sapper" library.

S. H. W.

A NEW ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF FREEMASONRY.†

The record of the growth and progress of Freemasonry since the first Grand Lodge was formed at the Apple Tree Tavern in 1717 is a very astonishing and significant testimony to the vitality of the spiritual instinct in man. The destiny that has shaped its ends is a subject for wonder, for whatever the source and origin of Freemasonry on its external side, in its essence it is neither more nor less than a spiritual ideal. Masonic ritual as now existing is based, as Mr. Arthur Edward Waite shows in the present work, on an historical fable of trivial account. Its external claims and traditional history can hardly be substantiated by the least critical, but its underlying object is identical with that of what are termed the Ancient Mysteries—the communication of the light of wisdom to those who are in a state of darkness.

It would seem to require the long experience and continuous toils of the Wandering Jew to trace the development of this object through the ages. The wide range of Mr. Waite's studies command the attention of every earnest student in this field of research. Of his place in the literature of mystical philosophy and of his position as an exponent of the mysteries of Alchemy, Magic, Kabalism, and Hermetic lore, it is late in the day to make specific mention. The complete tale of the works he has given to his day and generation is only to be found in collections of books already scarce and rare, which are closely treasured by those who have been able to garner them. In this "New Encyclopædia of Freemasonry," which will rank with the best of his work, is offered an analysis and interpretation of the many grades and symbols of Freemasonry. The chief value of the volumes is for those who have become Masons without further knowledge of the institution than that which they have been able to glean from the ceremonies through which they have passed.

It must be admitted by Masons of to-day that the great majority of the brethren stand in need of such instruction. It may almost be supposed that it was owing to a desire for instruction that they joined the craft, and it may also be reasonably contended that a spirit of inquiry is one of the primary causes which contributed to the birth and perpetuated the existence of the institution. It may be true, as advanced by our author in "The Secret Tradition of Freemasonry," that all the grand pageant of ritual in the higher grades is the outcome of the romantic spirit. It must be true that the call of Masonry to the thousands who range under its banners at the present day is the conviction that only in the temple of Brotherhood erected to the glory of the Almighty Father, Creator and Ruler of the Universe, is mankind likely to find a place of rest and refreshment amid the prevailing conditions of strife, self-seeking and competition. In the temples of Freemasonry the brethren meet together

From "A New Encyclopædia of Freemasonry" (Rider & Son).

* "The Man in Ratcatcher." By "Sapper." 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

† "A New Encyclopædia of Freemasonry." By Arthur Edward Waite. With sixteen full-page plates and many other illustrations. In two volumes. 42s. net. (Rider.)

in a bond of union; within their sacred precincts they put aside worldly distinctions and individual differences, and are free to unite in the study of the hidden mysteries of nature and science, to search for those lost secrets which they confidently hope to recover, and, it may be, to glimpse that spiritual city not made with hands which is eternal in the heavens.

In the volumes before us, out of an unrivalled zeal, knowledge and experience, Mr. Waite offers assistance and instruction to his brother Freemasons in all that concerns an understanding of the origins, symbols and rituals of Freemasonry. It is a great task, greatly performed.

The large body of literature already available on masonic subjects, including the works of recognised and authoritative writers of recent times whose names will readily occur to every student, has not lightened the toil of preparing this summary of Freemasonry and its various ramifications. From the nature of the arrangement of such a work it was necessary to consider every aspect in detail under a separate heading, and no less important to indicate the interrelation of various grades and developments, one with another. This has been satisfactorily effected by the author in his provision of a conspectus of cross-references at the beginning of the first volume, by which the disadvantage of the encyclopædic method is in a great measure annulled. The message which Freemasonry and its extensions in many grades carries to our author may be found expressed under the heading, "Symbolism and Its Ultimate," and runs as follows:

"The World of Symbolism is a world of many resurrections, and within their law and their order one among them is not only of all the highest but is most sacramental of all; it is catholic, indefectible, an unfailing channel of grace and truth. There can be no need to indicate that I speak of the mystical life which was led in Palestine by that Great Master Who was neither Hiram nor another. Those who can enter into the comprehension of this Mystery, and in fine of that which is veiled by the Divine Resurrection of the first Easter Morning, will have no need of Masonry or of any other instituted systems. . . . As it is, the Rites aid us to see in a reflected manner, and some among them are more lucid than others. I have described Masonry as a mirror of instituted initiation, for it has no title to consideration as anything but a glass of vision. It is the most proximate and available of the illustrations which are placed about us here and now, and its reflection is tolerably complete, as of great things by little. . . . It is only as something very far away that it recalls—sometimes almost by antithesis—that which is the Mystery of all in exaltation, nearest indeed of all but least comprehended. And yet such is the root of things that the Raising of the Masonic Candidate can be understood only in the Resurrection of Easter."

P. S. WELLBY, M.A.

THE IDEA OF COVENTRY PATMORE.*

An eminent critic once deprecatingly called Coventry Patmore "a poet of one idea." Mr. Osbert Burdett (who is, surely, the most stalwart champion any poet ever had), does not, as his mere title sufficiently indicates, deny the accuracy of that verdict; but, so far from its being a weakness in Patmore to be limited to one idea, he accounts it unto him for righteousness. For Mr. Burdett is very scornful indeed of most poets, with their vague emotions and nebulous philosophies, and to him the author of "The Unknown Eros" and "The Angel in the House" shines as a single clear light amid the general murk and chaos. Mr. Burdett, indeed, is not only intolerant of modern poetry, but of modern civilisation; and it is obvious to him that the reason why Coventry Patmore's work is not more generally appreciated lies in the fact that our hearts are evil. "That Patmore," he says, "is the only poet who has thought domestic love 'worthy of a serious song' may be the accident of genius; that he was, even in his few years of uncertain popularity, never accorded more than the position of a minor shows how great is the gulf between public sincerity and public morals. Otherwise it would be strange that the one poet of England, home, and of beauty, whom we have, notwithstanding the art with which he praised them, is still a bad second in the public regard even to the minor singers of their opposites, and that, in subject no less than in form, Shelley, or Blake, or Swinburne can win the admiration of thousands for their complex or vague desires, whereas he who was the Laureate of all that Englishmen profess to admire still numbers but a small minority of readers; so strange in the ear of a modern Englishman sounds the praise of those simplicities in which he professes all the beauty of religion and social order to be involved."

Love, as every one knows, was Coventry Patmore's one theme—not the love that most poets have celebrated, but married love. In married love Patmore saw not only the fulfilment of this life and the one key to its mystery, but he saw in it also the symbol of the soul's perfect life in a world to come. Upon the experience of married love he built up an elaborate and closely reasoned philosophy. Mr. Burdett's book gives us a long, patient, painstaking and detailed analysis of that philosophy. Any adequate criticism of his interpretation of Patmore would lead us into a discussion not only upon art, but also (as is inevitable where Patmore is concerned) upon morals and Christianity. For that we have no room. We can only commend the loving thoroughness with which Mr. Burdett has performed his task, and record the fact that for ourselves we are in warm agreement with many at least of his arguments and judgments. This makes us regret the more the absence in his work of a persuasive and ingratiating manner. He lacks almost completely a sense of humour. He is a too perfervid advocate, and a little too ready, as the very characteristic passage above quoted will show, to be somewhat heatedly denunciatory of those who do not see eye to eye with Coventry Patmore and himself. It is possible that on this account he may fail to win as many disciples as he might otherwise have done. But there is so much of solid worth in the book that it will be the reader's loss if he allows the author's rather forbidding manner to turn him from its careful perusal.

GILBERT THOMAS.

* "The Idea of Coventry Patmore." By Osbert Burdett. 7s. 6d. net. (Oxford University Press.)

ANIMAL LIFE IN SCOTLAND.*

Dr. Ritchie's book, let it be said at once, is full of interest and instruction throughout. Nothing has been attempted quite on the same scale so far as Scotland is concerned. It is fortunate that the work has been done by so competent and shrewd an observer. Scotland, if relatively a small country, offers an almost romantic field for an investigator into the facts of faunal evolution. As Dr. Ritchie points out, man was a late-comer there. He did not emerge until after the great Glacial Period, which had effectually obliterated all the earlier fauna and flora. The arena in which their successors flourished was now a strangely restricted one with broad seas hemming the land in upon three sides. And the appearance of the human agent, ever increasing in numbers, and in strength and skill, could not fail to operate mightily on the entire life of Nature, animate and inanimate. This is the potent "influence" which the essayist sets himself to demonstrate. He regards man not so much as an instrument of destruction, or even as a creative agent, but in his relations with Nature he is rather a transformer and a supplanter:

"Wherever he places his foot, wild vegetation withers and dies out, and he replaces it by new growths to his own liking, sometimes transformed by his genius for his own use. Where he pitches his tents and builds his cities, wild animals disappear, and woodlands and valleys where they sported are wrested from their prior owners and given over to the art of agriculture and to animals of man's own choosing, as well as to a host of camp-followers, which attach themselves to his domestication whether he will or no. Intentionally and unintentionally, directly or indirectly, man transforms and supplants both animal and vegetable life. Some animals he deliberately destroys, some he deliberately introduces, and the characters of some he deliberately transforms by careful selection and judicious interbreeding. Other animals find his presence uncongenial and gradually

* "The Influence of Man on Animal Life in Scotland: A Study in Faunal Evolution." By James Ritchie, M.A., D.Sc. 28s. (Cambridge University Press.)—"The Land of the Hills and the Glens." By Seton Gordon, F.Z.S. 15s. (Cassell.)

dwindle in numbers or disappear, while others are encouraged by his activities to increase in numbers, sometimes even to his own confounding."

From his own abundant observation along with a multiplicity of natural history notes culled from every conceivable source, the author's contention is well maintained, that man has been the chief instrument in the many and considerable changes which have taken place in Scottish faunal life within even a comparatively short space of time. This was, to be sure, a necessary and natural corollary if man was to progress, and civilisation to make any forward leap. The old regime of wild life in Scotland was bound to pass as it is passing wherever man is in the ascendant.

There will be whole-hearted agreement with Dr. Ritchie's well-merited indignation at the mere "collecting" craze, and that insensate storing up of "specimens" which has been all too common. Most people also will support him in his strictures against the barbarous habit of keeping wild birds in cages for the beauty of their plumage or the sweetness of their song. A most fascinating section deals with the protection of animals for sport, for utility, and through popular favour and superstition. Every rural schoolboy in Scotland knows this quatrain, though the fear of portending ill-luck is not always a deterring element:

"The laverock and the lintie,
The robin and the wren;
Gin ye harry their nests
Ye'll never thrive again."

A more informed and scholarly treatise it would be difficult to imagine.

Mr. Seton Gordon's name is well known as a writer of the natural history of the land he loves so passionately. No one knows the Highlands and Islands, or the Aberdeenshire portion of Scotland, so well. Here it is the sacred Isle of Iona and the glorious Hebridean Coast which form the text of a singularly attractive *tome*. Each chapter is complete in itself, and the whole book is packed with a wealth of beauty and poetry, and a remarkable store of geographical and biological information—evidence of the writer's skill in this department, and of a facility of descriptive power not often excelled. Why do so many spend fortunes upon foreign travel when there is so much to be seen at home, when so much of the pageantry of Northern Britain is still *terra incognito* to thousands? A book like this should open the eyes to the superabundant delights that Scotland has to offer, above all in the resistless charm of its western sea-board and islands.

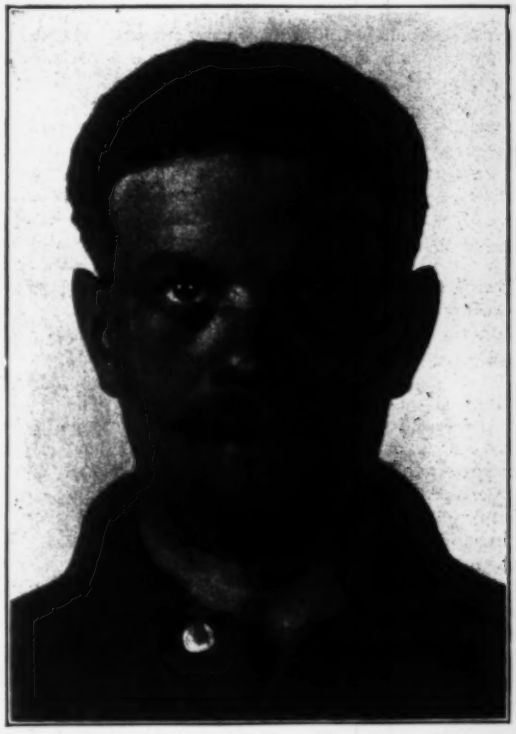
During the war Mr. Gordon served in Mull as a Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, and his present volume is largely the result of the excellent opportunities he thus had of seeing the country, of getting to know its inhabitants, and watching its many-sided and marvellous life on sea and land—the tribes of the grey seal, the colonies of guillemots, skua gulls, ptarmigans, buzzards, golden eagles, razor-bills, *et hoc genus omne*—which came within his fortunate purview at a time so distracting and under circumstances often so perilous. The book is finely illustrated from photographs by the author.

W. S. CROCKETT.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.*

It is, I believe, a solid commercial truth that a memorable, or attractive, or suggestive title may turn the pendulum of public indifference in a gentle and discriminating fashion. The literary subscribers move, I am informed, in placid shoals like gold and silver fishes, and their dietetic preferences, though vague, are classified. Titles in which the words "murder," "haunted," "passion," "ladyship," "gold," take their bold and thoughtful prominence are

* "The Purple Heights." By Marie Conway Oemler. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"Law and Outlaw." By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"The Death of Society." By Romer Wilson. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)—"Pleasure." By Alec Waugh. 8s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)



Mr. John Knittel,

whose brilliant novel, "Aaron West" (Hodder & Stoughton), is reviewed in this Number.

sure of support. Such are the carriers of a multitude of emotions of dread and snobbery.

But rarely have I come upon four novels in a bunch with such unprepossessing or unfortunate titles as are borne by the books before me. There is Miss Oemler's "The Purple Heights." A title so elusive in its poetic imagery as to drop into the meaningless. It conveys no hint of tragedy or comedy, sunshine or rain, even heaven or hell, but is simply three words one after the other, words in which a youthful painter might endeavour to explain his conception of Ben Lomond. Then there is "Law and Outlaw." Now no one can pronounce that a bad title or a meaningless one. It is in fact obvious and stimulating and attractive to all persons with a tendency towards bold enterprises from the days of Robin Hood to the Virginian sheriff with a noose flung carelessly over a tree bough. But it is foreign to the art of Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. It is in a word an error in the psychology of such things. Or "The Death of Society," by Miss Romer Wilson. To send out a novel (unless one of those formidable translations of a no less formidable Russian) literally overlaid at birth by such a burden, may be a sign of independence, but it is from any normal standpoint all wrong. Finally, there is "Pleasure," by Mr. Alec Waugh, admittedly not without merit as a title and with some capacity for arousing curiosity or expectation. But here the title is like a gin set in a careless spot. It catches one by the leg. It is like one of those faintly-sugared pills, concealing only for an instant some rather dreary contents. I am not sure whether a title should intentionally be the spring that restrains the jack-in-the-box, nor do I altogether admire the attitude of the publisher who issues a volume of undiluted "blues" with a coloured jacket suitable for Mr. P. G. Wodehouse or Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

The range covered by these so vastly different books is bewildering in its horizons. In "The Purple Heights" Miss Conway Oemler writes in an old-fashioned but agreeable manner, both sentimental and human, and with passages of pleasant and sometimes ponderous humour here and there. Her story is almost as unoriginal as it well could be, and her atmosphere is that of the musical comedy as

the public see it from the stalls. But there is skill and sincerity in the work, and if we take our sentiment a little timidly over here it may be the fault of our climate, or our miners, or our income tax.

"Law and Outlaw" by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, is, as one would expect, a novel of distinction and craftsmanship. But it suffers all through from its plot, and in the end collapses beneath overwhelming odds. It may not be impossible for an artist like Mrs. Sidgwick to sit down and write about a wicked stepmother who carries the spirit of the fairy books into an age of Daimlers, but is it worth the conflict between an instinct for the comedy of manners and a pledge to be melodramatic and disturbing? To do the thing really proud, Peggy, the starved stepchild, should succumb and the cinema rights be secured for a responsive public. But Mrs. Sidgwick flinched from that as one knew all the time she would, and although the novel has its compensating passages it is not a success.

"The Death of Society" is not, as some people appear to believe, a worthy successor to "Martin Shuler." It will not be easy to write another novel on that plane. But it is a very remarkable novel, though it is one of those books I admire from an immense distance. I know they are tremendous, but they leave me crushed by an instinct of my own mental inferiority. They are so very bewildering. When a young Englishman named Smith is bogged in a deep morass of artistic and, for a time, I suspected, purely telepathic or subconscious passion by a very elderly Norwegian lady who speaks no English in reply to his ignorance of her own tongue, I move uneasily. But when the elderly lady is well married, with a grown-up family, to an ancient and verbose professor with a sinister gift of candour, I walk in twilight. And when Smith produces dialogue in solid chunks and it is handed back, I admire, but with an eye of glass. And yet a moving story for all that, and with a wealth of tense dramatic speech, so natural and so vivid as to lift it above a meticulous or derisive commentary. Indeed, when an author can carry such a burden with so *nearly* triumphant a grasp, even the obtuse cannot but accord applause.

"Pleasure" is a collection, I presume, of sketches written by Mr. Alec Waugh since the armistice, and for that reason should not be taken as a second volley to "The Loom of Youth." There is nothing remarkable in the book, though the problem of the elderly married man who discovers his wife in the act of embracing his oldest friend is neat and in the proper spirit of satirical comedy. Mr. Waugh will do well to cultivate that vein. The abysmal melancholy of the other stories in "Pleasure" lacks the refined note of tragedy which acquits the determined pessimist of a suspicion of dyspepsia.

FREDERICK WATSON.

THE COLERIDGE TRADITION.*

Of the many English families who have given to the nation brilliant servants and to the arts great votaries, one of the most distinguished in recent times is that which leaped to fame from the vicarage of Ottery St. Mary with "The Ancient Mariner," and its quality procures a welcome for the memoirs of any Coleridge. They are sure to have charm and to be readable. Arthur Coleridge, Clerk of Assize for many years on the Midland Circuit, was a specially amiable member of the family. His brief literary remains—an uncompleted autobiography, some letters and scraps of a diary—have been assembled, with a preface by Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland, and supplemented with circuit reminiscences by two other colleagues; and the book, though not large, is full of interest. It has lively notes on great churchmen, lawyers, singers, painters and writers; it is atmospheric with Arthur Coleridge's strength and sweetness; and it enriches distinctly our knowledge of a rich period.

There are some memories of "S. T. C." The mother of the first Lord Coleridge used to tell how, in his baby days, "Uncle Sam would roll the child about on the carpet, muttering, 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'" The poet once called on a curate cousin at St. Andrew's, Holborn, in such poor clothes that, when he was seen to be anxious about the top buttons of a double-breasted waistcoat, the curate felt no surprise at hearing him say, "Bless my soul, William, I have forgotten my shirt," but rigged him out. Lord Houghton alleged that when dying, at Highgate, Coleridge talked to him about the conversion of St. Paul, and said: "How can one believe such a story, told by a tipsy man on horseback?" But Tennyson declared, as to this, that Lord Houghton was a mystifier, and might have been pulling Arthur's leg. The poet did design for himself a humorous epitaph. He translated a line from Ovid and then burlesqued it:

> "Not handsome was he, but was eloquent.
> Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses.
> 'In truth, he's no beauty!' cried Moll, Poll and Tab;
> But they all of them owned he'd the gift of the gab."

The churchmen's portraits retouched are those of Keble, with some of his intimate light letters; Samuel Wesley, trout fishing on a choirboy's back; and Newman, who at eighty-two told Millais that he constantly played his violin: "Of course I play out of tune, but they all declare it beautiful." There is a personal estimate, too, of almost every Eton and Cambridge celebrity of half a century.

Arthur Coleridge knew Thackeray and Tennyson. Of the former he tells that at Dresden, when J. C. Patteson praised a sketch, Thackeray replied stiffly: "Sir, I am quite impervious to flattery; it's my intention to burn that sketch when I get back to my lodgings." Also that he once eclipsed the gaiety of a Bar mess at Derby, where he was the guest of honour, by saying, when a fat turkey came to table: "For twenty-seven days I have seen nothing but boiled turkey!" Tennyson, in intimate talks, stated that "Break, break, break," was composed at 5 a.m. one summer day wandering about the lanes, and that "Crossing the Bar" took him only five minutes.

Some of the best reminiscences are musical. The revival of Bach in this country was mainly due to Arthur Coleridge. He knew Jenny Lind intimately—"cette femme fantasque, mélange de bonté, de sécheresse, d'égoïsme et de charité"—and sometimes sang with her, for he might have made a career in opera. He chats about Lablache, Tamburini, Mario, Rossini, Auber and other favourites too. Rossini, a guest of Lord Kinnaird at Rossie, proved a sportsman of the Winkle type, and once appeared at the dinner-table with a hare to announce triumphantly: "Voilà! J'ai eu un grand combat avec celui-là."

What adds much to the charm of this book is a certain quick playfulness. One sits with a delightful man. The editing is not faultless, and it seems that his best legal stories have been lost; but nothing is over-laboured, and everything touched with a happy candour.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

* "Arthur Coleridge: Reminiscences." Edited by J. A. Fuller-Maitland. 10s. 6d. (Constable.)

WHITE AND BLACK SAVAGES.*

One of the celebrated friends of Mr. Salt is W. H. Hudson. "At his best," says Mr. Salt, and very rightly, "he is the greatest living master of English prose," and when Hudson made use of his weapon in order to fight for his great friends the birds, he and the author of this fascinating book were shoulder to shoulder. Incidentally they have both told us of savages who now have become our precious possessions—the Indian girl, for example, in "Purple Mansions," which is probably the most magnificent romance in our language, and the more familiar savages of Mr. Salt, namely, the boys and masters at Eton, and the anti-humanitarians at whom he pokes such delightful fun. Mr. Salt is, as he tells us, a faddist; he has been in year-long opposition to many of his countrymen's practices; but although his earnestness was never doubtful, he kept his temper and appears to have smitten his opponents with a good deal of laughter. Such a controversialist must be maddening for the other side. When he suggested a public

* "Seventy Years Among Savages." By Henry S. Salt. 12s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)—"Roaming Through the West Indies." By Harry A. Franck. 25s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

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REMARKABLE LETTER

THE following letter has been received by the Modern Languages Department of the Pelman Institute:

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"It is the ingenuity and the thoroughness of the Course that does it.

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XUM

discussion of the question: "What are malpractices in Sport," a sporting newspaper declined the challenge and expressed the opinion that "such piffling folly is best treated with contempt." We are given some excellent stories and vignettes of those who were either for or against the Humanitarians. Meredith, Bernard Shaw, "Ouida," Swinburne, and Edward Carpenter are brought very vividly before us. We are made to look at things from an unusual but surely most reasonable point of view; the Zoo is to Mr. Salt "one of the saddest and dullest spots on the earth, being, in fact, nothing cheerier than big convict-stations, to which the ill-fated life-prisoners are conveyed from many distant lands." And he dilates upon the bathos of a waiter serving out coffees or lemon-squashes within sight of the eagle's cage and regardless of the great Raptor by whom his predecessor, Ganymede, had been carried off to be the gods' cup-bearer. Not only has Mr. Salt crusaded against cruelty, thoughtless and otherwise, to animals, but against such brutalising customs as "blooding" and flogging. On this latter point he admits that he lost a good many of his regular supporters; we happened the other day to see that a high testimonial to the practice was given from the dock by a member of the criminal class—and yet even flogging can be administered more or less humanely. Another of Mr. Salt's activities has been towards the preservation of beautiful scenery; and here also he has deserved extremely well. He has, as we have indicated, the enormous advantage of conducting his case with invariable urbanity and a flow of humour and reminiscence. The "savages," by the way, of his title are his carnivorous fellow-countrymen, and it was only gradually that he became aware of his lurid surroundings.

More orthodox savages loll and leer at us from the picturesque pages of Mr. Franck. This gentleman scarcely seems in so good a humour as when he made his former historic journeys. He seems to be more at his ease when he can tramp for a few years along the Andes, pushing through a wilderness unvisited before by any white man, than he is in wandering from West Indian island to island, with the nuisance of having to catch boats. He is not made for the ordinary tourist-ridden country. That is why in this book we are most entertained when he takes us into the remote parts of Hayti. After his own heart is that famous old tyrant, Christophe, the full-blooded negro who built himself a monstrous pleasure-house and thought nothing of shooting every fourth man if a gang of workmen found it impossible to carry up the mountain one of the massive blocks of stone. Christophe died as violently as he had lived, for when he was stricken with apoplexy in the church of Limonade he attempted to cure himself with rum and baths of red pepper. As one expects from Mr. Franck, his pages teem with quaint characters. As a book on the West Indies this is less comprehensive than Sir Frederick Treves's, and the tone is frequently censorious; but there usually seems good reason for these strictures, from which his own American countrymen by no means escape. Perhaps the French get off most lightly. But, when all is said, these 486 pages and the admirable photographs form a travel-book which from anybody else we would have welcomed with fewer reservations.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

A SPRING WALK IN PROVENCE.*

Of not many books of travel can one say, as Colonel Lawrence says of Doughty's, "The more you know of Arabia, the more you find in 'Arabia Deserta.' There is nothing to take away, little to add." That it cannot be said of Mr. Marshall's "A Spring Walk in Provence" is not, after all, very damaging. For Provence is a country so bewitching that those who have had the good fortune to walk there in the spring could hardly find any description or praise worthy of their memories of that fair land. It is an exciting country, but Mr. Marshall is rarely excited. He speaks thus of Nîmes, Nîmes that seems the personification of a gracious matron of Rome's best days:

"I was glad enough to get away from Nîmes the next morning. . . . In fact, a motorist who stays to lunch in Nîmes and sees the fountains, the arena and the Maison Carée, may congratulate himself that he has tasted the full flavour of the brew."

Evidently on that day our Roman lady was "not at home." And then Tarascon, that lovely mediæval maiden, dirty and beautiful, in whose streets and castles King René might have been but yesterday, of her Mr. Marshall says too little. And though he writes most interestingly of the legends of the arrival of Joseph of Arimathea, Martha and the two Maries in Provence, he does not even mention that Martha's Tomb is in Tarascon, the city which she rescued from the Tarasc. But, though we may complain that Mr. Marshall has not always done justice to the delights we already know, what he says of the beauties we have not seen makes us long to take advantage of the exchange and start for Les Beux to-morrow. It is curious that an author so sensitive to the characters of human beings should not feel and express that strange sense of personality that marks one town from another, the realisation of which is almost the greatest delight of travel.

Mr. Marshall does not attempt to write poetic descriptions of this lovely land, but many of his phrases have a homely, visual accuracy that sticks in the memory:

"The hills rose up sheer on every side. Their lower slopes were so regularly terraced that at this distance they had the effect of horizontal 'shadings' in a pencil drawing."

"The road downhill looks just like a temperature chart."

"Sometimes I came across little secluded farms, and in the garden of one of them a great stretch of yellow jonquil shone in the dusk like a square of sunshine left behind from the departing day."

Mr. Marshall has very sound ideas as to the advantages of walking and the charms of old forgotten hill towns and quiet inns. But it maddens the post-war pedestrian to hear of the room for two francs and the good wine for one.

Mr. Marshall repeats many delightful legends of Provençal saints, even those that he doubts most he treats with unfailing courtesy. Indeed, that is the impression made by the whole book. One feels that a kindly host, on a rainy afternoon in the country, has shown us his photographs and talked pleasantly of his travels. We cannot help liking him and his stories, but our appreciation is just a trifle dampened by the thought that he may have felt it a duty. If he were more excited, more egoistic, if he had more of youth's vain confidence in our interest, in the fact that we could never have seen such marvels or loved them as he did, we might catch fire. Yet this very modesty makes one think what a satisfactory travelling companion Mr. Marshall must be, and of how few people can that be said!

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

* "A Spring Walk in Provence." By Archibald Marshall. 15s. net. (Collins.)

A TOUR IN A DONKEY CART.*

This is a strange book. Miss Jennings was one of those rare and interesting people who seemed to have nothing to do with conventions. Moreover, Professor Tonks, of the Slade School, says, "She had a sense of form, as expressed by line, more highly developed than any draughtsman I ever met, . . . she was always difficult to teach, in fact was unteachable." Isabel Derby, in her sympathetic introduction, writes:

"She was, and she remained all her life, quite ignorant of values, whether of money or food or rent or clothing. She knew nothing, and cared less, for the daily necessities of life."

This untamed spirit; this girl, who should have wandered out into the wild as free as a gipsy, with her sketching book under her arm, fell ill; her leg became paralysed, and she became an invalid for life. Her brilliant talent could hardly now be practised, but she made the best of things by travelling forth in a small, bright-blue donkey cart. Her letters, elfin, wistful, fascinating, are given in the book:

"I tied up the little ass 'Eve' under a small tree close to me, and a great owl with feathered wings came in the dark, and I lit

* "A Tour in a Donkey Cart." Being the Life and Art of Frances Jennings. £1 1s. (The Bodley Head.)

a small fire and boiled some vegetables and sat in the wind and ate my supper. The night was white with a moon, and the wind as ice. I was all alone, no one saw me. I slept very long."

Again:

"I love the little soft wool vest you gave me. It satisfies me, body and mind. I love plain things, and it is plain and soft and as warm as a small fire. . . . I think the world would be perfect under the blue sky with several great, different personalities for company, doing beautiful acts, and being together."

Pain and tragedy awaited this unfortunate being; she died by her own hand in London. "The idea of a long life may have shocked her to desperation." The thirty-two illustrations in collotype of her work are fiercely individual and full of expression and vigour.

PHILOSOPHY IN ACTION.*

Philosophy has always been in a state of unrest; it is its nature to. So we need not be surprised to hear the rumble of philosophical revolution; rather should we keep our astonishment for the fact that so many seem to be perturbed because we are at the parting of the ways. Of course we are; we always have been; we always shall be. Dr. Dewey, when invited to deliver a course of lectures at the Imperial University at Tokio, believed that he could not do better than take this state of flux for his text, and indicate the line of development of the philosophical ideal. When one reads his published results, one realises at once that he does not so much attack the old philosophy as demonstrate its effeteness. All that has gone before has been preparing the way for what is now upon us. We have passed from the static to the dynamic. The cold, lifeless beauty of the Platonic hierarchy of ideas has given place to the rapid rush of living ideas that exercise a direct power over our thoughts and actions.

With no small skill Dr. Dewey makes a genetic approach to his subject by giving such an account of the rise of the doctrine of absolute Being as necessarily leads, if not to its destruction, at least to a great loss of its prestige. Working his passage in the time-honoured way from Aristotle to Bacon, Dr. Dewey leads easily up to William James, and on the road contrives to shake the reader's confidence in the view of a completed world incapable of alteration and repairs. In spite of the ancients and the scholastics the pragmatists persist in proclaiming, "All the same it moves." Dr. Dewey discards the ideal of "a closed world, a world consisting internally of a limited number of fixed forms and having definite bounds externally." Instead of a world in which universal and inevitable laws determine everything that happens, Dr. Dewey regards it as one in which there is ultimately nothing but cases, each case calling for individual treatment. The laws are there right enough, but they do not apply themselves. We have something to say in their application. We are no longer content to adopt the Aristotelian attitude that "only that which is already known can be learned, that growth in knowledge consists simply in bringing together a universal truth of reason, and a particular truth of sense which had previously been noted separately." Knowledge is more than a learning, it is a making. The world is advancing, and we each make our contribution to the advance. The ideal and the real have been unjustifiably separated. The squabbles of epistemologists, of realists and idealists, of phenomenalists and absolutists have obscured the real issue, and we have lost sight of the fact that we are living in a world that is a going concern, and that we are far from being sleeping partners. Dealing with Logical Reconstruction, Dr. Dewey is only slightly less severe than is that rabid anti-Aristotelian, Dr. Mercier. Logic of the Hegelian type leads to an idealism that produces intellectual somnambulism, and sets up a socially superior and irresponsible class.

But it is in dealing with moral conceptions that Dr. Dewey will rouse most interest, for here he comes close to the practical affairs of life. He attacks the one doctrine

* "Reconstruction in Philosophy." By John Dewey. 7s. 6d. net. (University of London Press.)

GYLDENDAL stands for high-class Scandinavian literature. The firm, which has recently celebrated its 150th anniversary in Copenhagen, has given to the world the works of some of the greatest Danish and Norwegian writers of three centuries. Notable among these are Henrik Ibsen, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, Kielland, Lie, whose names belong to the history of literature. The Gyldendal editions of classics such as Holberg, Oehlenschlaeger, and H. C. Andersen (familiar to children the world over as "Hans Andersen") are well known.

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The reproach of insularity, so often advanced against the English as a people, is largely due to the slightness of their acquaintance with the life and thought of other countries. There is no easier and at the same time pleasanter way of acquiring such knowledge than through the medium of representative literature from the countries concerned; and it may safely be asserted that the more we know of one another, as nations, from this point of view, the greater likelihood will there be of mutual understanding.

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on which all the ethical schools appear to be agreed—"that there is a single, fixed and final good." He believes rather "in a plurality of changing, moving, individualised goods and ends . . . and that principles, criteria, laws are intellectual instruments for analysing individual or unique situations." This leads to a suspicion that the usual division of "ends" into lower and higher may be unsound. The distinction Dr. Dewey draws between "instrumental" and "*merely* instrumental" is of vital importance and deserves more attention than he has given it—particularly in its Kantian context. Dr. Dewey's final position is summed up in the statement that "the end is no longer a terminus or limit to be reached." On the social side, organisation does not exist to treat individuals as data, but to create them. Certainly Dr. Dewey's philosophy does not lack stimulus.

JOHN ADAMS.

THREE BOOKS ON NAPOLEON.*

There are many reputations on the world's roll of immortality which derive no little benefit from the periodical regilding of a centenary or other anniversary. Worthy though they are, without such definite chronological reminders they would lapse out of the memory of busy modernity. Those are few indeed who can dispense safely with a mention on the calendar, and of that egregious few fewer still share with Napoleon the glory of a triumphantly complete independence of reminiscent dates. With all his faults, he is for all time. But vividly alive as is the inspiration of Napoleon in every soldier of distinction since his day, powerfully as he stimulates the interest of every student of modern European history so that no detail of his public or private life is now unknown to us, yet doubtless that great public, which reads desultorily, with only the vaguest of pre-acquired information, whatever is from time to time brought prominently before its notice, will turn with a fresh interest, in this hundredth anniversary of the death of the prisoner of St. Helena, to the story of the wonderful career there terminated.

It is to that great public, interested but presumably ignorant, and neither to the soldier nor to the already instructed student, that Mr. Wheeler's book on Napoleon is addressed. An adequately detailed study of the manifold activities of that mighty genius of war, politics and statesmanship would obviously fill many volumes. The library which should completely exhaust the subject would be a large one. But in so far as it is possible to tell the story of Napoleon, fairly and comprehensively, in three hundred and nineteen octavo pages, Mr. Wheeler has done it. His book does not pretend to be more than a rapid survey—a précis—of the Napoleonic epopee. It gives only the broad outline, and that outline is accurate, but necessarily there is no space for the details which lend a human vividness to the narrative. Napoleon's marriage to Josephine, for example, is dealt with in half a paragraph on page 72, which scarcely does more than state the fact. We hear no more of Napoleon's marital affairs until page 249, when Josephine is divorced in a single sentence. A page suffices for the wonderful campaign of 1814, and all that Mr. Wheeler has to say about that great adventure of 1815 which so nearly succeeded is this:

> "Of Napoleon's campaign in Belgium little need be said. It was short and it was decisive. On the 16th June, 1815, he won his last victory at Ligny, where he defeated the Prussians under Blücher, Wellington gaining the battle of Quatre Bras against Ney. Two days later Wellington and Blücher routed the French on the field of Waterloo."

This is hustled history with a vengeance! One would not resent its brevity so much if Mr. Wheeler did not waste whole pages of his valuable space on such puerilities as quoting Campbell's "Battle of Linden" and Browning's "Incident of the French Camp" in full instead of concentrating his attention on the things that really matter in so important a story.

Mr. Wheeler's comments on warfare are touched with a pleasant *naïveté* which, at the same time, affords a measure of his value to serious military students. Thus, speaking of the Austrian defence of the village of Fombio, he says "even [*sic*] the churches were fortified!" On the battle of Jena he makes the interesting observation, "What would have happened had Bernadotte and his cavalry come up is too horrible to contemplate!" Bernadotte's corps (*not* a cavalry corps) failed to reach either of the twin battle fields of Jena or Auerstädt; had it been present "what would have happened" is that the Prussians would have been annihilated on the spot instead of after a long and costly chase all across Germany.

But Mr. Wheeler's book pretends only to a popular appeal, and it has already found a popular—and, all things considered, well-deserved—response, for it is but a new and enlarged edition of a work of which this is the seventh reprint.

A Napoleonic study of altogether different calibre is Sir Plunket Barton's "Bernadotte and Napoleon." This brilliant, exhaustive and authoritative work is the second of a trilogy which, when completed, will cover the entire career of perhaps the most interesting of Napoleon's marshals. It fills, adequately, a gap in English Napoleonic literature. The first volume, which appeared some time back, narrated Bernadotte's career under the Republic. This volume deals with his service under Napoleon from the eighteen Brumaire until his departure for Sweden as Prince Royal of that country in 1810.

The character of Bernadotte, the son of a lawyer at Pau, who founded the only dynasty among all Napoleon's mushroom kings which survived the debacle of 1815, has been severely handled by those French historians who cannot forgive him his participation on the side of the Allies against Napoleon in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814. That episode in Bernadotte's career falls outside the scope of the present volume, but Sir Plunket Barton's book deals exhaustively with those other debatable points in his record—his attitude after the eighteenth Brumaire, his loyalty to Napoleon whilst under his orders, and his absence from the Jena-Auerstädt battles. On all these points Sir Plunket Barton amply justifies his man, the last-named being only yet another example of the inefficiency of Berthier's system of transmitting orders.

Bernadotte has been accused of unfaithfulness to his principles in that he, "the last of the Romans," gave his adhesion to Bonaparte after the *coup d'état*, which put an end to the Directory on the eighteenth Brumaire. Sir Plunket Barton makes it clear that Bernadotte did not cease to be a Republican when, in Sieyés's phrase, he allowed himself to be "absorbed" by the new system. He would have preferred a republic, but the republic had definitely broken down with its own corruption. The issue was between a return of the Bourbons and Bonapartism. Bernadotte chose Bonapartism as the lesser evil. He did not at any time pretend to like Napoleon, but he swore loyalty to him, and—despite all that has been written to the contrary—there seems no doubt that so long as he was a servant of Napoleon he was faithful to his oath.

When he became Prince Royal of Sweden he did so only on the explicit understanding that his fealty to Napoleon was at an end, and that the interests of Sweden were the only interests he should henceforth consider. "If your intention is to keep Sweden in a state of dependence, I beg of you to think no more of me in this matter," he said publicly to Napoleon when his candidature was still in question. "If that is your intention, it would be better for your Majesty to have to deal with a foreign prince." He flatly refused to accept the Letters Patent which authorised him to accept the dignity to which the Swedes had called him until the clause, inserted by Napoleon, restricting him from bearing arms against France,

* "Napoleon, 1769–1821." By Harold F. B. Wheeler. 10s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)—"Bernadotte and Napoleon, 1799–1810." By Sir Plunket Barton. 21s. net. (John Murray.)—"A Gift of Napoleon." By Sir Lees Knowles, Bart. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

had been struck out. This was not the act of a Judas, and Napoleon himself recognised his honesty of purpose when he said, at St. Helena: "I cannot say that Bernadotte betrayed me. In a manner he became a Swede and never promised that which he did not intend to perform. I can accuse him of ingratitude, but not of treachery."

Bernadotte's career as a Napoleonic marshal was overshadowed by the fact that from first to last he was regarded as a possible successor to Napoleon by many of those who intrigued against the Emperor. Fouché, in particular, wavered between him and Murat as an alternative to the master against whom he conspired. Everything goes to prove that Bernadotte was innocent of any complicity in these plots, but they did not tend to make him popular with the Emperor. Napoleon himself, however, at one time not only thought of placing him on the throne of Spain instead of Joseph, but actually talked of adopting him as a son for succession to his own throne.

Space is lacking to do anything like justice to Sir Plunket Barton's admirable book. Suffice it that he has written a brilliant and well-balanced study of Bernadotte which no student of Napoleonic history can ignore, and which whets the appetite for the concluding volume of his trilogy.

"A Gift of Napoleon," by Sir Lees Knowles, is an attractively produced little monograph which deals with a gift of Coxe's "Life of Marlborough" which Napoleon made to the 20th Foot at St. Helena, a gift which Hudson Lowe ordered should be returned because it bore the inscription "l'Empereur Napoleon." It is not perhaps of any very great interest to anyone but the bibliophile or the regimental enthusiast, but it contains an outline of the lives of two of Napoleon's most faithful if humble friends—his first valet, Marchand, and his second valet and librarian at St. Helena, St. Denis. Little has been known of these two loyal servants who were with their master to the end, and one of whom, Marchand, was appointed by Napoleon as one of his executors. The account here given will be welcomed by that large body of readers to whom nothing, however small, that concerns Napoleon is indifferent.

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN.

A MISCELLANY OF THE WITS.*

Of the three works reprinted in this, the second volume of "The Scholar's Library," namely, "A Journey to London" and "Dialogues of the Dead," both by William King, and "The History of John Bull," by Arbuthnot, it is not likely that any but the latter will be familiar to the most general of general readers. And even that is not easily accessible, at any rate in cheap form. It is many years ago—about the end of the eighties, I think—since it was published by Messrs. Cassell in that most delightful and valuable series of reprints, "The National Library," and then it was to be obtained for 3d. in paper, and 6d. in cloth, covers. Of the two or three hundred volumes issued in that unsurpassed and unsurpassable collection of English classics, only a small number has been reprinted and is now on the market. It is not very probable that the publishers will reissue the whole series in these days, but if this were done their appearance would constitute an event. Be that as it may, the reprinting of "John Bull's History" is a matter for congratulation for those who can afford the price. All concerned in the publication of "The Scholar's Library"—printers, publishers and editor—are to be complimented.

The "Dialogues of the Dead" is a class of work which has appealed to many writers: "Lucian among the Ancients and among the Moderns, Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambray, and Fontenelle." With us Lord Lyttelton and Matt. Prior are representative names. The latter's work remained in manuscript until it was published, a few years before the war, by the Cambridge University Press along with several poems which were similarly printed for the first time. These, both prose and verse, were

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delightful additions to Prior's published works. To the foregoing should be added Tom Brown's "Letters from the Dead to the Living," inaccurately noted by Mr. Colvile as another series of "Dialogues of the Dead." Fully to appreciate King's "Dialogues," the reader should be well acquainted with that famous controversy concerning the "Letters of Phalaris" which was set first a-going by Temple's essay "On Ancient and Modern Learning." Jebb has, in his monograph on Bentley in the English Men of Letters series, called these "Dialogues" of King dull, but with such judgment we do not entirely agree. The dialogue between Lilly the Astrologer and Helvicus is extremely amusing, but its appreciation depends, as is stated above, on an intimate acquaintance with the books on the controversy, especially Bentley's "Dissertation."

The interest of the "Journey to London" is not very great, but it is difficult to express one's delight in the immortal "John Bull." It is greatly to be wondered at that the work is not better known. A cheap edition, with Mr. Colvile's admirable "foreword" explaining its political significance, and its added key to the dramatis personæ, would be a boon to a larger number of readers than the present edition will attract. At present, however, such a wish is akin to "the desire of the moth for the star."

Mr. Colvile does not give "word-catchers" much opportunity, but it may be permissible to mention a slip which occurs on p. xv. where it is stated that Bentley figures as a "goose" in the "Battle of the Books," and some one must have nodded who passed the following sentence: "It is no longer the coffee-houses of London and a small circle . . . that *has* to be catered for. . . ."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

CHINATOWN CAMEOS.*

It has been said that there is Romance in the leg of a kitchen table if one has the vision to see it. There is certainly Romance in Suburbia, but I fear that Mr. Thomas Burke has not managed to convey it to the pages of his book, "The Outer Circle." He records his observations made during visits to such places as Fortis Green, Clapham, Stratford, Hackney, and so on and so forth; frankly they leave me cold. Perhaps it is because his background needs more incident to relieve its monotony; the dreariest slum is momentarily enlivened by a gleam of sunshine or even a few children dancing to the music of a street-organ. The book is not without pleasant pages—the incident of the cheerful sailor in the bus, for example—but, without odious comparisons, one feels that many of the pictures have been better painted already.

In "Whispering Windows" Mr. Burke is at his best. It is not merely that Chinatown provides a curiously attractive setting for his stories—it is in the telling of them that Mr. Burke shows his consummate craftsmanship. Take "The Perfect Girl," a little story related by a grave, elderly Chinaman. I will risk an action by Mr. Chesterton for infringement of copyright and say that it is an extraordinary example of clever simplicity. I do not think the average reader realises how difficult it is to write a really good short story; indeed, hundreds of people lightheartedly attempt the task, and condemn magazine editors as devourers of thistles because they decline to accept their efforts. Yet if the writers saw their own stories in print under other signatures they would demand their money back. All which simply means that I place Mr. Burke in the front rank of writers of short stories. His incidents are slight, sometimes almost trivial; he does not fear to use coincidence; yet each story grips you amazingly. There are eighteen stories in "Whispering Windows," and each is a cameo, so that it is difficult to particularise. I would mention, however, "Big Boy Blue," not merely because of its striking climax, but for its perfect phrasing. That is one of the charms of Mr. Burke's writing—every sentence has its value, and one feels that to add or subtract a word would spoil a perfect picture.

F. D. G.

* "The Outer Circle." By Thomas Burke. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)—"Whispering Windows." By Thomas Burke. 8s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

TOTO, THE TITAN.*

Balzac expressed the truth about Victor Hugo when, in a letter to Madame Hanska, he called him "enfant sublime," and declared, "But the poetry—ah, the poetry goes to your head! It's Titian painting his fresco on a wall of mud. Yet there is in Victor Hugo's plays an absence of *heart*, which was never so conspicuous. Victor Hugo is not *true*." And again he aptly placed him in the conclusive phrase, "*grand poète et petit farceur*." It is impossible at the present day, in estimating the character of this Titan—often so like Goethe in his largeness and his littleness—not to recognise the ludicrous, the pathetic ludicrous, that was amply mixed with the divine. In his acts and in his words it was so. Victor Hugo, eloquent and tremendous in his outpourings, like a yet greater poet, could not blot; and so we see in him genius and something of the jackanapes enlinked for all time.

And yet his lines were colossal. Often we hear the impatient—frequently seated in the most comfortable armchair—crying for a strong man to lift us from the slough of perplexities into which the world has fallen. It would indeed have been well if some such figure as the idealist Hugo had arisen to strengthen the national heart in the dark hours and to pillory with scorn the little people, mean in everything but their self-appraisement, who have laboriously muddled our affairs and done disservice to our honour and name. But Hugos and Goethes, as Cromwells and Washingtons, are not born to order; and so we must plod along wearily while the adventurers of politics and the incompetents misrepresent us and—find what comfort we can! Such a book as this, written by the experienced hand of Madame Duclaux, is helpful. The lives of great men do remind us.

She proclaims herself "Hugoiste" rather than "Hugolâtre," but is rather more idolatrous than she knows. She shows something of the flaws of her Colossus, as who, venturing to paint the portrait of Toto, would not; but to many of his failings she is casual and a little blind, so that this book is rather too much like a presentation portrait carefully devised not to offend, with even the faults given such smoothness that they serve indirectly as embellishments. She is often discreetly silent over the master's egregious vanity, as colossal as his genius; over his violent amorousness and its frequently undignified adventures; as she is, with more justification of course, over the relations of Madame Hugo and Sainte-Beuve. The excuse for not being more frank over this long-sustained episode, which necessarily played a great part in the life-story of Victor Hugo, is that they were subordinate to the principal figure. And so they were; but still their sentimentalities, relationships and passion so deeply concerned and affected him that the biographer's duty was to treat with revealing frankness this chapter as all else.

It would, however, be wrong to dwell unduly on the foibles and vanities which shadowed, and in a way relieved, the greatness of Hugo. He was in genius, aspirations and character a very great man, whose name and influence in the recent years would have been greater had it not been for reaction after extravagance. His proudest dream of his own glory, in a frequent indulgence, cannot have exceeded the actualities of the lying in state under the Arc de Triomphe and the funeral. As with his dreams, so with himself, it was colossal—colossal is always the word. Madame Duclaux does not say all that she might have done about his literary works, and his poetry assuredly merits a good deal more attention than she has given to it; for although in the romances the shortcomings are more evident as time passes, his verse retains to a surprising degree its passion, vision and flow. His biographer makes

* "Victor Hugo." By Mary Duclaux. (Constable.)

amends, however, by her sympathetic and lucid record of his patriotic activities. Had he been blessed with humour—that frequent omission in the divine—he must have been amused by the way in which at some time or other he championed every cause in France. Legitimist, Bonapartist, Orléanist, Republican—he was with them all, especially at their fall. It is a tribute to the clarity with which Madame Duclaux tells his political story that she shows how consistent, in reality, were these inconsistencies, and that generally his seeming contradictoriness was the natural growth of an honest and enlightened man imbued with a power of love for the people.

As to his personality, nothing that Madame Duclaux or anyone else says is so eloquent as the fact of the devotion to him alike of Adèle, his wife, and his mistress, Juliette Drouet. A man with that poet's temperament must have been blessed with great sweetness of heart to have retained until the end the fond and deep protective love of those two women.

Madame Duclaux has written an excellent book which will help to replace Victor Hugo on the pedestal where assuredly he believed he would sit with glory for all time.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

WILLIAM MORRIS.*

Mr. Glasier was a friend of William Morris for more than ten years before Morris died in 1896. In his own last illness he occupied himself in writing down his memories of their intercourse during that period, when although in actual time they met by no means frequently, their friendship grew and deepened. It is almost impossible to praise too highly the achievement of this unpretentious little book, which gives us a really brilliant, tender, vivid, living portrait of Morris in all his robust virtue and robust foibles, and all his marvellous charm, and makes an invaluable supplement to all other biographical sketches and to the "Life" by Mr. J. W. Mackail. Merely as a piece of Boswellian literature the book is in the foremost rank, but with more real love it is wholly free from the slightest trace of the sycophantic air that characterises Boswell's masterpiece. A curious point is the quite long conversations and *ipsissima verba* of Morris given *in extenso* by Mr. Glasier, who tells us that when he concentrated intensely on any of the incidents related the scene presently began to unfold itself, and when, after meditating on it for a time, he began to write:

"The conversations, long buried or hidden somewhere in my memory, have come back to me, sometimes in the greatest fullness—word for word, as we say. Nay, not only the bare words, but the tones, the pauses, and the gestures of the speaker."

He gives particular instances of this recovery from the unconscious memory of scenes and doings long seemingly forgotten. Every reader will recognise in the speeches assigned to Morris a peculiarly convincing tang in phrasing, vocabulary and rhythm, and will also observe that in Mr. Glasier's own writing and in the reported speech of other persons none of this Morrisian quality appears. The result is complete dramatic verisimilitude, and we feel certain that the Morris here displayed is the authentic man himself.

Mr. Glasier first saw Morris in 1884, when the poet, who had in the previous year definitely thrown in his lot with the Socialists, went to Edinburgh to lecture. He describes Morris so well and so vividly that no better portrait can be imagined. When the lecturer entered the room:

"I at once knew it was he. No one else could be like *that*. There he was, a sun-god truly, in his ever afterwards familiar dark-blue serge jacket suit and lighter blue cotton shirt and collar (without scarf or tie), and with the grandest head I had ever seen on the shoulders of a man. . . . A kind of glow seemed to be about him, such as we see lighting up the faces in a room when a beautiful child comes in. . . . He was then fifty-one years of age, and just beginning to look elderly. His splendid crest of dark curly hair and his finely-textured beard were brindling into grey. His head was lion-like, not only because of his shaggy mane, but because of the impress of strength of

* "William Morris and the Early Days of the Socialist Movement." By J. Bruce Glasier. 6s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

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his whole front. There was in his eyes, especially when in repose, that penetrating, far-away, impenetrable gaze that seems to be fixed on something beyond that at which it is directly looking, so characteristic of the King of the Forest. This leonine aspect, physiognomists would doubtless say, betokened in Morris the same consciousness of strength, absence of fear, and capacity for great instinctive action which gives to the lion that extraordinary dignity of mien which fascinates observers."

Mr. Glasier gives us one piece of criticism that has all the swift illuminating penetration of lightning:

"With Ruskin, the people are always '*You*'; with Carlyle they are even farther away—they are '*They*'; but with Morris the people are always '*We*.'"

That is admirably discerned and admirably expressed, and sums up the whole position with a neatness and felicity that could not be improved.

Mr. Glasier gives us a score of Morris's letters to him out of some seventy. Some of these are of great interest, and had not been seen by Mr. Mackail when writing the Life of Morris.

This book makes us regret the more Mr. Glasier's death last year. For while it depicts Morris with the freshest colours and the clearest outlines it also unconsciously betrays the writer as one who was fully worthy of Morris's regard and ours. Intense affection shines through the whole book, and how touching is the simple telling how, at the end, when staying with his sister in Hammersmith, knowing that Morris was exceedingly ill and unable to see visitors, much as Glasier longed to call at Kelmscott House, he did not do so. But he could not leave London without getting as near to his friend as he could. "So one day I went round to the Mall and sat for an hour under the elm tree on the bastion overlooking the river in front of the house . . ." but never saw Morris again.

F. M. ATKINSON.

CALE YOUNG RICE'S POEMS.

One passage in an interesting preface to this book,* dealing with old and new conceptions of poetry and the principles of criticism, contains Mr. Cale Young Rice's own confession of faith as a poet. "I have believed," he writes, "that poetry without fundamental vitality is bloodless; without passion, fleshless; without spirit, nerveless; and without thought, spineless." He confesses, too, his belief in direct natural speech, true musical rhythm, imagination and charm. And if you know much of the poetry of to-day you will realise that such a confession is not supererogatory. A good deal of the new poetry that is accepted as a new revelation has none of these qualities, and the best evidence you can have of its poor mortality is that though it wins passing acclaim nobody remembers it; it has its noisy hour and the silence soon makes a small mouthful of it. Mr. Rice has nothing in common with these eccentricities; his poetry is in full harmony with that confession of his faith. He is essentially a lyrist, and there are thought, passion and a real sense of wings in his song. His poetic plays are instinct with dramatic power, but the lyrical impulse is not absent from the verse in which they are written, and it is the prevailing force in the narrative poems that are scattered through this new volume. The little impressionistic pictures of "A Poet's Childhood" are snatches of pure lyrical drama; so, too, are such poignant things as "Extreme Unction," "The Courtesan" and "To a Suicide." But perhaps his lyrical gift is at its highest in such songs of charm and tenderness as those to "A. H. R.":

> "O were your heart not wide, dear,
> And were your soul not high . . ."

or that beginning:

> "Some night we shall come here
> For the last time. . . ."

There is a sombreness of thought and sadness of feeling in several of the poems, such as must come to all who have outgrown the easy illusions of youth and lived long enough to have seen much of life and learned that it is not all good; but it is a far cry from that recognition of harsh truth to mere despair, and even in the unflinching statement of such facts there is an underlying love of humanity and joy in the beauty of human kindness. There is in these poems not only fancy and vision and music, but a note of deep sincerity that is a sort of poetry in itself and half the secret of their charm.

* "Shadowy Thresholds." By Cale Young Rice. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

TOUJOURS LA GUERRE!

One day I was sitting in a certain Mess somewhere in France when a field officer wearing unusual gaiters came in. "Who is that?" I asked the man next me. "Oh, that," he answered, "is Major the Honourable Neville Lytton." "And what does he do?" "He plays the flute, I believe," said my friend, vaguely. Later I came to know something of Major Lytton's work in connection with the press correspondents attached to the British armies. Now I feel that I know *all* about it, because I have just been reading his book, entitled "The Press and the General Staff."* Being a conscientious person, I began at the beginning and read fifteen pages of preface and fifty-six pages of the book, in which Major Lytton described how he felt about things in the early days of the war; how he saw a man who had been "killed dead" [*sic*]; how he had been a vegetarian for eighteen years; how (remarkable fact) the wearing of a gasmask made the wearer unrecognisable; and divers other matters and things. On page 57 he takes a firm grip of his corks, writes "The Allied Press," and begins the relation of a series of thrilling adventures. In "Three Men and a Boat," Harris used to tell cross-Channel stories in which he and the captain were the only people who were not sea-sick. If it was not Harris and the captain it was Harris and the mate, or Harris by himself. In this case if it is not Major Lytton and "one of my officers," or Major Lytton and a French (or Belgian, or Aztec) correspondent, it is Major Lytton by himself. If the book is intended to be preserved in the family archives as a record of what Daddy did in the Great War, I respect it; as a contribution to the already over-stocked war-library it leaves me cold. Major Lytton's views on modern warfare are not new, and have been more concisely expressed by other writers. He tells some good stories and, of course, indulges in thinly-veiled personalities of the type which has unfortunately become so prevalent lately.

I like the story of the French veteran who remarked: "*Un soldat doit manger quand il peut—doit boire quand il peut—doit faire l'amour quand il peut—mais quant à se laver, ça jamais!*"

Major Lytton's views on most things are quite sound, and his stories of life at the front are very fairly told and accurate—but it has all been said so very, very many times before that one wonders why a man of his parts should think it worth while to say it all over again.

But there is one thing I cannot pass over in silence. I had always thought Major Lytton a man of charming manners and refined taste, until I read page 69 of his book. My readers will not need to be reminded that Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, a gallant soldier and a man of rare ability, rose from the ranks to one of the greatest positions in the British Army. Major Lytton permits himself to allude to an interview with Sir William in these terms:

"We travelled from Dover to London in a special train, and during the journey the distinguished soldier sent for me and said, 'Well, 'ave you anything to say to me?'"

I think the world would still have continued to revolve with its accustomed regularity if Major Lytton had employed his leisure in practising on that beautiful ivory flute the exquisite music with which (he tells us) he used to soothe the agitated breasts of the foreign correspondents.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

* "The Press and the General Staff." By Neville Lytton. 15s. net. (Collins.)

THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT.*

The ever-growing volume of books dealing with industrial and social problems is a clear manifestation of the discontent now prevalent among almost all classes of society. Not merely wage-earners but professional and intellectual workers are increasingly concerned with the seriousness of the present position.

Consider our financial position as stated by Mr. Snowden. In round figures we owe £8,000,000,000. We have an outstanding floating debt of £1,250,000,000, "which is causing extreme disquietude in financial circles because of its effect upon currency and credit"—as well it might! The Chancellor of the Exchequer informs us in a Memorandum on the future Exchequer balance sheet that we must expect an annual taxation of about £1,000,000,000 a year. And we are in an exceedingly favoured position as compared with other European nations. Meanwhile we continue to find the most amazing extremes of wealth and poverty; and this serves to intensify whatever bitterness there is among certain sections of the population.

Obviously, then, we need some heroic remedies for the present *malaise* in society; but heroic remedies must be remedies and not merely quack potions to ease the pain for a time, leaving the trouble as it was when their temporary effect has worn off. And to find remedies much study is needed. Mr. Rees, for his part, contributes a survey of the industrial period, his main purpose being to provide a study of the historical background of modern industry and social questions. From the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars in 1815 to the end of the war in 1918, he traces the development of industry and the coincident modifications in the social structure of the country, showing how democratic institutions have grown with industrial progress. Professor Jones continues the analysis in his book, dealing at length with the problem as it exists to-day, describing the central economic problem as "the reconciliation of individual ambition and social welfare." He also brings us face to face with the vital problem of finance. The expansion of currency is responsible for high prices, and high prices lead to continual discontent and dislocation of the machinery of national life. Mr. Snowden would try to break the vicious circle mainly by a capital levy, the nationalisation of banking, and the limitation of inheritance.

Perhaps the most complete work before us is Mr. H. J. Stenning's translation of M. Edgard Milhaud's book. M. Milhaud opens with a survey of the mal-distribution of wealth in France, and then traces the "physical reactions of social inequalities." Through the various phases of capitalist organisation we are led to the trusts, with their anti-social activities. From the national trust we get the international trust, which wields a power absolutely appalling. But from this malign private monopoly springs public monopoly and public control, the steps leading to the socialist state, the goal of M. Milhaud's ambition. The war itself hastened the march towards socialism, we are told, because it was a wonderful example of collective training and collective action; it familiarised men's minds with social organisation and effort and taught them the value of co-operation as against selfish competition. The solution of our present social problems, according to M. Milhaud, seems to lie in a strictly defined demarcation between the procedure for the socialisation of capitalist undertakings, and that for the socialisation of capitalist property. "The first step is the transfer to the state of capitalist enterprises and their administration; the second step is the gradual extinction of capitalist credit."

To turn aside for a moment from this purely material phase of the question, we may consider another factor

* "Social Economics." By Professor J. Harry Jones. 6s. net. (Methuen.)—"A Social and Industrial History of England (1815-1918)." By J. F. Rees. 5s. net. (Methuen.)—"Labour and National Finance." By Philip Snowden. 4s. 6d. net. (Parsons.)—"The March Towards Socialism." By Edgard Milhaud. 8s. 6d. net. (Parsons.)—"A Policy for the Labour Party." By J. Ramsay MacDonald. 4s. 6d. net. (Parsons.)—"Mind and Work." By Dr. Charles S. Myers. 6s. net. (University of London Press.)

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XUM

which has been too long neglected by our 'practical" captains of industry and leaders of political thought, that is the psychological factor. Are industrial conditions conducive to a healthy state of mind among industrial workers? To put the question more frankly and commercially, are the mental condition and circumstance of the workers such as to make them into effective machines of production? Well, they are not. Why should they be? asks the old type of employer, surprised.

Specialised forms of industry never concerned themselves with the mentality of the labourer. He was a "hand," not a brain. But modern psychologists are now insisting that the hand cannot be dissociated from the brain, even from the employer's point of view, without disastrous results. From the point of view of simple efficiency, the psychological is the most important and fundamental determinant of success. "Intelligence in foreseeing demands and in improving industrial conditions, and sympathetic understanding of the standpoint of others," writes Dr. Mears, "are much more 'productive' than were capital or mechanical labour." He shows clearly that the effects of mental and nervous fatigue, monotony, want of interest, suspicion, hostility and the like, are of more importance in the restriction of output than are the purely physiological factors of fatigue.

Given, however, the soundness of the theories either advocated or indicated in most of the books before us, we are still faced with the question of their translation into fact. If any transformation of society in this country is to be brought about by peaceful means, we must first have an instructed and determined electorate, and then a Government able and willing to carry out most far-reaching schemes. To many people the Labour Party is the natural expression of the social ideas now agitating the minds of the thinking section of the population. Many go so far as to predict an early return to power of a Labour majority. There comes then the question of Labour's intentions and proposed methods. To Mr. Ramsay MacDonald the Labour Party is a national party. He asserts this as a rejoinder to those who charge it with being representative of a class, and points out with considerable justification that government before the advent of the Labour Party was really class government.

Mr. MacDonald is no revolutionist. To him the political method of progress is the natural and healthy method:

> "The Labour Party recognises the defects in the Parliamentary machine, but in no ways abandons Parliament as the embodiment of the civic life of the community, the citizen as the unit to be represented, or public opinion as the only creator of social change which is to last."

The Parliamentary machine in his hands, Mr. MacDonald would start sweeping reforms by the process of nationalising such virtual monopolies as railways and mines. Although he is for some reason shy of the word, he is evidently now favourably disposed towards the "Guild" principle of running industries. The policy of domestic reform would be based on the land; through scientific development of agriculture and the planting of people on the soil. Foreign policy, colonial policy, finance and other national questions are dealt with. Whether the Labour Party will get an opportunity to try to carry out their plans within any reasonable period is doubtful; but that some comprehensive scheme, wisely carried out, is needed if the nation is to be saved from greater tribulations than have yet befallen it, is beyond doubt.

ROWLAND KENNEY.

Novel Notes.

WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS. By John Russell. 8s. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

Not since Mr. Thomas Burke published "Limehouse Nights" has such a remarkable and original collection of short stories appeared as those which Mr. John Russell has just brought out in a volume entitled "Where the Pavement Ends." The romance of native and of European life in the South Seas has been exploited so successfully by Robert Louis Stevenson, by Louis Becke, by Sir Hugh Clifford, and by Joseph Conrad, that it might have seemed almost impossible for a new-comer to make anything fresh of it. Yet Mr. Russell proves that his famous predecessors have not squeezed the lemon dry. His stories of adventure, ranging from Singapore to Torres Strait, introduce us to convicts from New Caledonia, adventurers in New Guinea, globe-trotters in the Dutch East Indies, and to a trio of regenerated beachcombers; and every story is told with virile energy and has an authentic thrill. "The Lost God," "The Red Mark," "East of Eastward," and "The Wicks of Macassar" are stories indeed which are quite Grand Guignolish in their manipulation of the unfamiliar and the unexpected. Mr. Russell is a brilliantly imaginative realist; his romances are the strange romance of reality, and he unfolds them with a sense of character and drama and a strong, subtle, narrative art that few living novelists can equal.

ADAM AND EVE AND PINCH ME. By A. E. Coppard. 3s. 6d. (Golden Cockerel Press.)

We would extend our welcome to the Golden Cockerel Press, a strictly co-operative society, whose members are their own craftsmen, and who produce their books themselves in their own communal workshop. In London this collection of brilliant short stories is published by Messrs. Birrell & Garnett. About half the tales in the book have already seen the light. There are high hopes of Mr. Coppard's future, and certainly in the volume before us great charm of style is displayed, and an alluring quaintness. "She was barefooted and bareheaded, dressed in a yellow gown that had buttons of ivory upon it. And we asked her as we went along the streams: Had she no fear of the night time? 'When the four ends of the world drop on you like death?' says I . . . 'and the fogs rise up on you like moving grief,' says he . . . 'and you hear the hoofs of the half-god whisking behind the hedges,' says I." And again: "At midnight, the spirit of Narcissus, in its cerecloth, rose up out of the grave, frail as a reed; rose out of its grave and stood in the cloudy moonlight beside the shrine and the glittering ark. He tapped upon the jewels with his fingers, but there was no sound came from it, no fire, no voice. 'O holy love,' sighed the ghost, 'it is true what I feared.'" There is art in the sketch entitled "Communion," and picturesque strangeness about "The Quiet Woman." The writer's difficulty will not be in language but in plot.

ROSA MUNDI, AND OTHER STORIES. By Ethel M. Dell. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

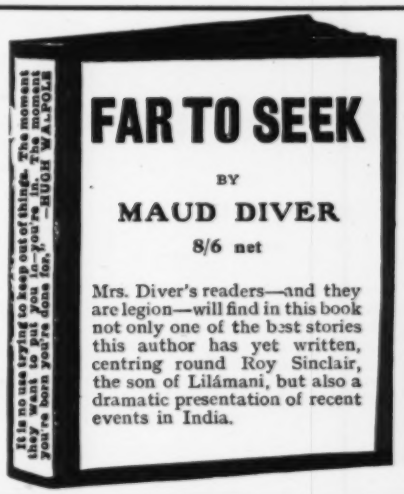
The writings of Miss Ethel Dell divide the novel-reading public into two camps—those who miss nothing that she has written and those who, having read once, do not return. For Miss Dell's admirers this newly-published book of stories holds many pleasures in store. They will find in it the old favourites—the beautiful society girl, in "The Deliverer," who marries the millionaire to retrieve the family fortunes; the strong, brutal husband captured in the end by love, in "The Prey of the Dragon"; or the *demi-mondaine* with the heart of gold, of "Rosa Mundi." We like as well as any in the collection "The Penalty," a thrilling tale of love and adventure among the desert troops of the Wandi tribe. Miss Dell's characters keep no secrets from the reader. As he knows them first, so they continue to the close. The complications make the plot turn on what they do, not on what they may discover themselves to be. Perhaps for this reason the author's talent has fuller play in the incident and action of the serial tale than in the short story which, by its nature, offers a more limited field.

THE SECOND WIFE, TOGETHER WITH A JULY ROSE. By Katharine Tynan. 7s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

The two stories comprising this volume have a similarity of theme as well as a unity of style and charm. The happiness of Aline Lancret is overshadowed by her husband's idealisation of his first wife, a shallow and selfish creature whose mother and sisters continue to batten on their credulous relative. The best part of the story describes the terrifying suburban family and their rapacious treatment of their long-lost Uncle Andrew, who fled from their clutches by stealth and went into peaceful hiding in a cottage at Stepney. To the brutality of one of his sisters-in-law and the rough candour of another John Lancret owed his awakening and the realisation that his second wife was his true mate. In the second and simpler story we have an interesting study of character. After long delay and some misunderstanding, Clarissa Dampier welcomes home to England her old friend and lover, General Bouverie, and looks forward to the happy ending of her secret romance. But the General's eyes are at first all for her pretty niece, whose affection for her aunt is mastered by her vanity. General Bouverie, from a quixotic idea of honour, is ready to pay the price of his foolish attentions but is saved from himself by the young girl's caprice and better judgment. Mrs. Hinkson is partial to a happy ending, and her readers will be grateful to her for these two delightful love stories. The characters are very skilfully touched in, and something of an idyllic charm pervades the whole book.

INTRUSION. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. 8s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

In the opinion of many careful judges, "Invisible Tides" was the outstanding English novel of 1919. It was Mrs. Seymour's first book, and the promise then held out has been amply redeemed in the developed craftsmanship of her second book, "Intrusion." By right of these two books their author takes her place in the small company of living novelists whose work makes an addition to Literature. "Intrusion" is in one sense a monologue on Life with all its complex interplay of physical experience, intellectual striving and spiritual aspiration—a monologue pointed and illumined by the doings of the dramatis personæ. If Browning had been a prose novelist, this is the sort of novel he might have given us. For most writers the method would be a dangerous one, but Mrs. Seymour, out of the richness of her personality, scores triumphantly. Most good novelists, whatever their methods, succeed in compassing at least one dull book; the generality of novelists, adopting Mrs. Seymour's method, might be depended on to produce a series of dull books. Mrs. Seymour is incapable of achieving a dull page. An artist of a high order, there is added unto her that precious gift of humour which the fairy godmothers who watch by the cradles of genius too often overlook. Her stories, *as* stories, present no very unusual features. All the pebbles on the shore of Old Romance have long been counted. Her real power is in expression. Her style is her secret—incommunicable, even if she were ready to exercise the prerogative of her sex in the matter of secrets—for it is the woman herself in essence; something not to be counterfeited. Beautifully clear and concise, it is nevertheless capable of subtleties that would have driven Henry James "down the labyrinthine ways of his own mind." Mrs. Seymour has Phil May's power in another art, of getting sure and telling effects with the fewest possible strokes, as when the whole character of Roberta, the beautiful vampire, is revealed in an epigram thus: "Gwen's heart rose within her hot and bitter, and she hated the owner of this beautiful mask to whom the war was not a cockpit but a cocktail." The book must be read, however; a solitary epigram can give no idea of the style of it. It is a style extraordinarily sensitive to the moods of its writer, and to the changing current of her thought. Brilliant, it has nothing of the hardness of the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AARON WEST. By John Knittel. With a Preface by Robert Hichens. 8s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

When you have finished reading "Aaron West" you turn back to Mr. Hichens's preface and feel he has said of it just what you want to say yourself. "Now and then a character in fiction takes hold of you, you scarcely know why. You may like or dislike him or her. You may approve or disapprove of his or her doings. But you really know that individual. A new and apparently living being has come into your life. Such a character to me is Aaron West." "Certainly Aaron was not a naturally moral human being. Probably few men are naturally moral. But Aaron was undoubtedly naturally wild, reckless and entirely unconventional . . . primitive man impatient of civilisation," and "the coming of woman intimately into his existence does nothing to improve him." The first woman who so comes was not likely to improve anybody. Victoria is divorced on account of Aaron, and later gives Aaron worse reason to divorce her if he had cared to do so. It is when he gets far away to the mysterious South Sea island and meets the strangely beautiful, innocent Somna that the real Aaron awakes and all that is best and most profoundly religious in his nature comes to the surface. But his religious ecstasy is not to last, and there is to be no happy ending to his love for Somna. To sketch in outline so full and curiously varied a story and so curious and complex a character as Aaron would convey no idea of the strength and charm of the book. It is enough to say it is a very unusual and remarkable story, and Aaron is presented so subtly and with such sympathy that one is always sensible of the extraordinary fascination of the man; he is so completely human that even when his high purposes fall in ruin around him and he sinks into error and shame he does not lose his largeness of character nor any of his hold on you. An able and a brilliant story and one altogether out of the common.

THE KEYSTONE. By M. P. Willcocks. 8s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

In "The Keystone," Miss Willcocks's new novel, we get a great many curious and interesting peeps at the Cornwall of nearly a hundred years ago. "Look at Talcarne. What did I find last week? A woman hanging a charm round a sick child's neck, and a man going to a white witch for a sprain. . . . And there's a house with good furniture in it, all rotting up the valley. Into it not a soul will go, not even to take the bedding out—because somebody hanged himself in it." Against this background of superstition and strange belief the writer sets her group of characters—the young doctor who fights cholera, and his father the doctor; the all-powerful Cardew; his brother Diggory, the Methodist preacher; sensitive Catherine; Stephen Jose, the lover of beauty and beautiful sound; reckless Diana. It is an uncommon, weird story, full of local loves and jealousies. Miss Willcocks has lavished much care on her work, and there are passages in it of real insight and ability. The weakness of the book lies in the plot. We believe we are right when we say that the average reader expects and desires a real love story when he or she sits down to read a novel. In these pages the love story opens too late, and is too often obscured. It is not the main thing. Miss Willcocks appears to be more concerned with the crowd of characters that appear than with the young doctor and Catherine. We should much like to see her write a tale in which there were only three or four people. Meanwhile we are grateful to her for much clever word painting, much excellent detail.

A MASTER OF DREAMS. By Ellis Lloyd. 8s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Here is the novel at last to suit the large class of readers who, on going into a book-shop, desire to find something that will not unduly harrow their feelings, something gentle and happy about pleasant, dignified people. Mr. Lloyd has written a thoroughly delightful story. His quiet, unhurried style reminds us often of the work of Mr. Archibald Marshall; there is nothing lurid or impossible in his tale of life in the Vale of Llanarmon. Yet the book deals with war time, and the fortunes of three young men—Tudor Berew, who loved Gladys his cousin; Illtyd his brother; and that fine gentleman, Maurice Desmond, their neighbour, who is in love also with Gladys. Tudor is crippled at the front; Desmond rises to high rank and has great riches to offer Gladys, but plays his part and resigns her eventually to Tudor with a gallant grace. The study of Illtyd, conscientious objector, is touched in with real art and feeling. The story moves well, we have enjoyed every page of it; it is wholesome and engaging. One slight flaw—Desmond smiles too often!

RICHES. By Arnold Palmer. 7s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

This new book of Mr. Palmer's is wholly unlike his last—"My Profitable Friends." That was a collection of clever stories, complete in themselves, told with a trifling air which was just redeemed from cynicism. This book is on a great theme and, like all great things, soars out of reach of the deadly commonplace with a certainty that is bound to offer paradox. It has the qualities of De Quincey even though it is modern enough to be this side of the war; and the incidents are but the framework to the central fact, which is the elusive but dominating personality of one man. The invincible power of love, which is also sacrifice, is proved, and love and sacrifice are also proved to be understood at once by all simple and unhappy people—and even those who refuse to believe it as a working creed are none the less influenced by it indirectly. In this book is a man who persuades, by some harmonious affinity, with unearthly things; who by his silence conveys the sense of a deep compassion; who recognises good in all unlikely people, with instant and magnetic force, and draws to himself the sorrowful, unfortunate and weak. Sometimes they are conscious of the attraction, and yield; sometimes they resist, and revile both the man and his motives. The vision of the book is a certain moral optimism which conveys itself delicately but surely even in the author's own chivalrous treatment of the women in the story. An illuminating charity pervades the whole, and while the worldlings wonder "What was the use?" or inveigh against failure, the reader is inwardly convinced that here is a man who did believe things worth while, who made them so, and gave his life to prove both.

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MADAM. By Ethel Sidgwick. 7s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Miss Sidgwick in the past has amply proved her cleverness; but in this latest novel, "Madam," she is rather elaborately careful to show us the defects of that cleverness. It is a great quality in a novelist, as in a black-and-white artist, to be able to build a character with a few deft touches. She gives us the few deft touches, but, alas, they are not sufficient to build a character with personality enough to fill the reader's eye. The consequence is bewilderment, especially in the earlier half of the work. She brings in, say, Eric, a Christian name with nothing besides, and frequently allows this elusive shadow to pop up, with little why and less reason, merely, in effect, to cloud the issue. In the end Eric's purpose or relationship to the tale is as vague as at the beginning. So is it with the generality of the people; they are numerous, undescribed, undeveloped and so unhelpful. "Madam" is a charming typist, Lina Astley, almost the only clearly-drawn person in the book. She wanders into a shop to buy buttons when a freakish soldier, in invalid's blue, runs off with the small packet. This adventurer is Mott Lane, or Lancaster, popularly called "Mousie," with little explanation of the reason why. The incident is enough to enlink the heroine with the hero, though the spirit of coincidence is so active in this book that anyhow there would have been no difficulty in getting them together. Mousie, in a similar mood, goes off with a horse which had thrown its rider; and later he takes a card from a show of wedding presents, all with an elfish irresponsibility. We are, however, shown another side to the shield, for Mott is a fervent democrat, deeply concerned in the revolutions that are to right the wrongs of the world, and spends himself in supporting the woman who was his brother's mistress, with her child, though the vague Eric seems also to have some indeterminate responsibilities for those people. "Madam" is a baffling and unsatisfactory novel, with plenty of obvious cleverness elaborately misapplied.

The Bookman's Table.

LITERARY IMPRESSIONS. By Jules Lemaître. Translated by A. W. Evans. 10s. 6d. net. (Daniel O'Connor.)

The literary judgments of Jules Lemaître will be welcome in English form. He was a critic of singular penetration gifted with felicity of style, which has been well preserved in the difficult task of translation by Mr. A. W. Evans. Criticism, whether it be literary, artistic, or dramatic, must always be somewhat ephemeral, for, after all, it is only the expression of an individual opinion—swayed and unduly influenced, it may be, by the circumstances of the moment or even by the state of mind, arising from health or the reverse, in which the writer finds himself when evolving his criticism. It is only when some new meaning or interpretation is presented, or when the criticism itself is written with real literary distinction, that the work has a chance of ultimate survival. And even then there is no certitude, for the opinions of a to-day are not those of a to-morrow. Lemaître realised the limitations and transitory importance of his craft. He says:

"We think that what we like is good, and that is all (I am not here speaking of those who think they like what they are told is good); only some people always like the same things, and regard them as pleasant for all men. . . . But, dogmatic or not, and whatever its pretensions, criticism does no more than define the impression made upon us at a given moment by a given work of art in which the writer has himself noted the impression which he received from the world at some particular time. Since this is the case, and since, moreover, all is vanity, let us like the books that please us without bothering ourselves about classifications and doctrines, coming to an understanding with ourselves that our impression of to-day shall not bind that of to-morrow."

However, Lemaître is of our time, and his impressions are of interest and value—at any rate to-day, for he writes mainly of moderns. And his discriminating judgments are written with a picturesque pen. How apt is this summing up of Anatole France for instance:

"His contemplation is full of memories. I know no writer in whom reality is reflected through a richer medium of knowledge, of literature, of anterior impressions and meditations . . . perhaps it would not be a bad definition of him to say that he is a learned and tender humorist in love with antique beauty."

Zola, Renan, de Maupassant, Pierre Loti, George Sand, and Sarah Bernhardt are among those who receive sympathetic criticism in M. Lemaître's volume.

MY CRICKETING LIFE. By P. F. Warner. 16s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Words have been freely wasted in the past on the list of preferences one would make in the way of books to beguile a term on a desert island and all that, and discussion usually ends where it began—in an assertion and defence of insubstantiable likes and dislikes. But if one were to try and think of the dozen books one would care to put in the hands of an alien in order to imbue him with some idea of the English spirit, this apologia of "Plum" Warner's would certainly find a place. That makes one rejoice all the more that the publishers have given it such a form as cricketing volumes rarely get, and if ever one has looked through the tatterdemalion stuff that fills most of the shelves of a collector of cricket lore, this book leaps out as an epoch-making thing in form and spirit alike. For the author, in that artless, modest way of his, puts his cards down on the table at the start. He initiates you into the ruling principles of his training and career—"a straight bat and a modest mind"—and makes it clear without any consciousness or strain that he carries them both out with honours. There can be no doubt that this is why he gives such a freshness to familiar epochs like the South African and Australian tours, the various controversies and evolutions of the game, and the county championships ending in the memorable match last year at Lord's which set Middlesex at the top of the list and established Mr. Warner for all time as a supreme captain in the greatest of all games. He pens a number of convincing portraits—"Ranji" and "W. G." especially—with delightfully easy touches, and shows how the true cricket writer can make the nicest finesse of the game appeal to the general reader as well as the expert. Having made himself a classic among players, he has now given us a classic book, and there is no more to be said.

OLD GREENOCK CHARACTERS. By John Donald. (Milne, Tannahill & Methven.)

On the cover of this book is written a quotation from Thackeray—"Are these details insipid? Look back, good friend, upon your own youth and ask, how was that?" Every true Greenockian should possess a copy of this entertaining volume, in which realistic sketches of old Greenock characters, scenes and incidents of forty to sixty years ago are presented with considerable charm. To do this sort of thing successfully one must be possessed with immense enthusiasm. Mr. John Donald is bubbling over with it, so he has succeeded. The quaint old people, rich in individuality, the ancient houses, are described lovingly and joyously, and the dead past blooms again, and "Paper Wullie" and "Eight-Spales-a-Penny" are again about the streets, crying their wares.

XUM

WALKS IN THE HOLY LAND. By Clement Hankey. 4s. 6d. (Melrose.)

Mr. Hankey, accompanied by another officer, servants, two mukaris and two donkeys, set out on a walking tour in Palestine in August, 1918. His impressions are recorded in this attractive little volume. He was keenly interested in the country, and contrived to enjoy most of the walks in spite of the heat. . . . "The flies now went, and dew began to fall, imparting a fragrance to the still air. The twilight hour was at hand, in which all the East rejoices. To the traveller it brings a sweet relief from the stress of the day. . . . This morning the heat seemed phenomenal. In compensation there was the smell of a kind of wild thyme, that grows freely on the hill-sides. . . . What was life here but a matter of flocks, and wells, and dreams, and rambles on the hill-side?" There are chapters on Hebron, the Jordan Valley, Carmel and Tiberias, and the atmosphere of these places is well rendered, in a simple, faithful, unpretentious way.

THE CURRENCY OF THE GREAT WAR. By Benjamin White. 10s. net. (Waterlow & Sons.)

Mr. Benjamin White's attractive book, which is probably unique in its character, is a desirable addition to the literature of a period without parallel in the world's history. In the testing time of the great war Mr. White contributed at irregular intervals to the *Bankers' Magazine* a series of articles that gave a very good idea of the way in which the world-crisis had upset currency conventions. These articles now appear in the form of a book, and the entire profits derived from its sale will be devoted to the laudable object of aiding the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Hostel known as "St. Dunstan's." The author makes no attempt to give a complete survey of the war currency—the subject is very large and complex, and much is yet obscure in this line of research—but enough is presented to the reader to show how France, Belgium, Germany, Russia, and other countries acted with regard to currency problems. The British emergency money is briefly dealt with in the concluding chapter. The illustrations are excellent reproductions of specimens of paper and hard money in Mr. White's extensive and highly interesting collection. The substitutes for the customary currency, many of which are for denominations of very low value, form a remarkably queer mixture—Greek and Japanese notes, the former made in England, of great beauty of design; notes issued in France, Belgium and Germany by various authorities—municipalities, chambers of commerce and industrial establishments—for local use, which were regarded merely as curiosities by people living beyond the boundaries of the places of issue; Russian stamp-currency with Romanov portraits, and Kerensky notes; bits of cardboard that were of considerable service in the direful days of the great upheaval; emergency money made of iron, zinc and aluminium that circulated in various countries, besides other oddities which will be treasured as war-time mementoes. This ably-written, liberally-illustrated book will be especially prized by numismatists.

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Music.

HENRY PURCELL.

By George Sampson.

Henry Purcell.
From the painting by J. Closterman in the N. P. G., London.

LET us have a few bars of chronology by way of prelude. Modern music may be said to begin with Bach the Great, who was born in 1685—the year of Handel's birth. For present purposes a glance should be given at one figure before Bach—the Italian-French Lulli (1633–1687), and at one greater figure after Bach, the German-French Gluck (1714–1787). When Bach died in 1750, Haydn (*b.* 1732) was beginning to face the problem of his career in a world unkind to penniless musicians. Mozart's short and miraculous life was passed between 1756 and 1791. With Beethoven, who was born in 1770—Wordsworth's birth year—we get to the threshold of the nineteenth century, and there pause.

The theme of this chronological prelude is just the fact—which I hope is now thrown into proper significance—that our own wonderful English Purcell was born in 1658 or 1659 and died in 1695, and may be claimed as the first of the moderns. People have been known sometimes to describe Purcell's music as Handelian. What they ought to say is that Handel's music is frequently Purcellian; for Purcell had lived and worked and passed to the "Blessed Place where only his Harmony can be excelled" by the time that Bach and Handel had reached the high estate of small-boyhood. Turn for particular examples of Purcell's mature style to such familiar numbers as Dido's last lament, or "Ye twice ten hundred Deities" from "The Indian Queen," and you will find music that, with all its formal beauty, has no affinity with the fine old contrapuntal style, and must be called modern. The "Crucifixus" in Bach's great Mass and Dido's Liebestod in Purcell's little opera are written over an identical ground bass. Thus do these two moderns clasp hands across the years.

Lulli was writing music for the ballets of Molière when Purcell was a child, and Purcell imbibed (at second-hand) something from Lulli's prim, melodious grace; but between Purcell and Lulli scarcely any comparison is possible. The music of Lulli is "antient musicke," delightful, naïve and, in a number like "Bois Epais," quite moving; but on the whole it is music of its day, unlike the best music of Purcell, that seems to look forwards. The belief that "Dido and Æneas" was written when Purcell was nineteen is now generally abandoned; but accepting for it a date even as late as 1689, we find something that is, in everything but mere scale, a modern opera, written by an Englishman when Bach and Handel were little children, and when Gluck's "Orféo," the first modern opera on the grand scale, was over half a century away in the future. With the liberty of an amateur unfettered by textbooks I place for myself the beginning of modern music precisely here, in this work of Purcell's, a small but greatly conceived opera, written by a countryman of our own somewhere about the time when we were exchanging James II for Dutch William. If there is anything earlier than "Dido and Æneas" at all comparable to it in prophetic modernity of manner, note and feeling, I am eager to know it.

Of course we must never be Sinn Feiners in music—we must never press the artistic doctrine of "Ourselves alone" to demanding of music in England that it should first of all be English. Such a demand is æsthetically unsound—and not even profitable. Our grandparents went to extremes in the other direction. They demanded the alien at any price, and were gratified when James Foley of Tipperary denationalised himself and appeared visibly and audibly among them as "Signor Foli." But, after all, to admire music and musicians merely because they are foreign is no worse than to admire music and musicians merely because they are English—especially as some of the so-called English composers have devoted themselves to the sincerest possible flattery of foreign musicians. But when genuinely good music is genuinely English, English people can love it the more; and just as we should be proud that the greatest poet of the world is English, so we may reasonably be proud that the first clear note of modernity in music can be heard in an opera written by an Englishman before the end of the seventeenth century.

The Purcells were not quite so numerous as the Bachs, but, according to Grove, they were many. The great Purcell's father, also Henry, is mentioned by Pepys. Thomas Purcell, the elder Henry's brother, became His Majesty's "Musician in Ordinary for the Lute and Voice in the room of Henry Lawes, deceased." The elder Purcell's youngest son, Daniel, was a musician; and the great Henry's own son Edward and that son's son, Edward Henry, continued the family tradition. The possibilities of confusion among their works are therefore many, and have not been missed.

When reflecting upon old works of art we have to be careful not to mistake the pleasing quaintness of

ancientry for genuine vital interest. An opera of Lulli to the libretto of Quinault would have to-day the fascination of forgotten modes and the faded gallantry of Versailles; but it could mean nothing permanent for us. The "Orféo" of Gluck, however, is a living thing, and "Che faró" still moves our tears. Bach was born nearly two hundred years before "Parsifal" was written; but when we compare "Parsifal" with the "Matthew Passion" it is not Bach who sounds old-fashioned. Purcell's finest numbers seem to me indebted very little to their century for their interest. The music to the masque in "Dioclesian" has a note of almost disquieting modernity beneath its formal grace; and "The Fairy Queen" shows clearly that Purcell is a living, moving writer, with a note of his own and the mark of creative genius. Mr. Albert Coates has been presenting abroad, as an example of our native music, the orchestral suite he has arranged from Purcell. That is very pleasing and very proper. Purcell is a possession that we can display with pride even in the country of Bach and Handel, or of Haydn and Mozart; for he is not only a musician akin to them in spirit, but he came before them all.

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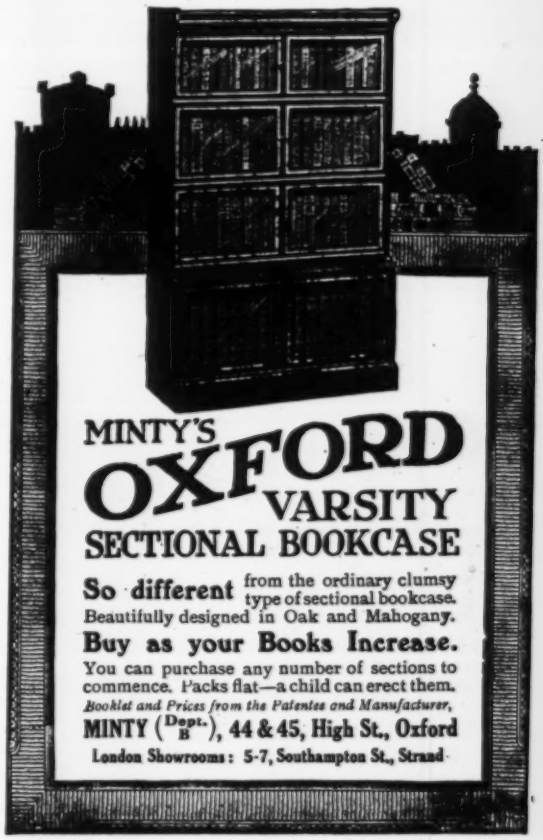
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The Drama.

THE YOUNG ACTRESS.

BY T. MICHAEL POPE.

Photo by Claude Harris. **Miss Sybil Thorndike.**

"THINGS are not what they used to be" is the continual plaint of the pessimist in all ages. And there are times when the optimistic rejoinder, "No, and they never were," fails to carry conviction. So far at least as English drama is concerned, the pessimist may fairly be said to have made out a case. Ten years ago the outlook was distinctly hopeful. It was the age of Harold Chapin, of St. John Hankin, of Stanley Houghton and of Granville Barker. Shaw was still in the full flood-tide of his creative vigour. Barrie's reputation was as yet unassailed. It seemed, indeed, as if we were already emerging into the dawn of a new era.

Then came the war—and with it the inevitable submergence of all intellectual interests. The drama suffered—suffered terribly. Nor can it be said to have recovered yet. As one looks back over the past decade, how many plays have there been that one would take the risk of acclaiming as dramatic masterpieces? Two only remain in my memory—Mr. Lennox Robinson's "The Lost Leader" and Mr. Galsworthy's "The Skin Game"—and I doubt whether either was a conspicuous "box-office" success. On the other hand "Chu Chin Chow" is still with us.

And if this be true of the drama what is to be said of its interpreters? Where are the actors of yesteryear? Is there a successor to Sir Henry Irving—to Sir Charles Wyndham—or even to Sir Herbert Tree? There was a time when great things were expected of Mr. Ainley, but he has hardly fulfilled the promise of his early manhood.

Indeed, it appears to me to be becoming increasingly evident that it is to the woman rather than to the man that we must look for the carrying on of our best acting traditions. During the last few years there has arisen a school of younger actresses most of whom may fairly challenge comparison with the best actresses of the past.

And, first, there is Miss Sybil Thorndike, who is easily the finest tragedienne on the English stage at the present moment. (No one who saw her performance in "The Trojan Women" will, I fancy, venture to dispute that statement.) Miss Thorndike learned the mastery of her craft in a hard school. For a considerable period she was at the Old Vic—where, by the way, you may still see the finest acting in London. She has played, I believe, practically every Shakespearean heroine from Juliet to Ophelia. She worked—and worked hard—in repertory at Liverpool, and she has put in a number of strenuous years in America. As the result of all these experiences Miss Thorndike has come to the conclusion that there is no royal road to success on the stage. "An actress," she said to me recently, "must learn her art painfully—and then forget it, bit by bit, until what is left is merely a necessary minimum."

That Miss Thorndike's future will be worthy of her past I have little doubt. She has but one temptation

to guard against. There is a real danger that, now she has learned to do everything, she may insist upon doing it.

In the region of what used to be known as "polite" comedy, we have Miss Athene Seyler. Miss Seyler is the only possible successor to Miss Marie Tempest, and her range is considerably wider. She is, in my opinion, the finest creative actress of our time—though it is only in comedy that her quite individual talents find full scope. She is, too, entirely unencumbered by tradition, and upon every part that she undertakes she stamps the impress of her whimsical and intriguing personality. Her Rosalind was a daring experiment—it was so almost impudently *modern*. Nevertheless (or may it have been in consequence ?) it appealed to me as being the finest Rosalind that this generation has seen—and I write this with Ada Rehan still in my memory. Recently a friendly critic wrote of Miss Seyler: "If some dramatist of talent would write parts for her, she could develop a type which might have the success of Lord Dundreary." So far, that "dramatist of talent" has not been forthcoming.

An actress who gives promise of achieving great triumphs in the immediate future is Miss Meggie Albanesi. If Miss Seyler is a creative actress, Miss Albanesi is no less what may be called an interpretative actress. Indeed, she seems to have no existence outside the part she is assuming at the time. It overmasters her. No one who saw it is likely to forget her study of the young girl in "The Skin Game," and her present performance in "A Bill of Divorcement" at the St. Martin's is one of the most moving and poignant pieces of acting I have ever seen.

Whether *revue* is a legitimate form of dramatic art is a question I will not attempt to answer. At least, it has produced one young actress of unmistakable originality and genius. I allude to Miss Mona Vivian. Miss Vivian has still much to learn, and her work at the present moment is disfigured by a number of obvious crudities, but she combines an innocent *diablerie* with a grotesqueness, entirely free from vulgarity, that is, I think, absolutely unique. Her advent may help to reconcile us to the approaching retirement from the variety stage of Miss Violet Loraine. But I am confident that her best work is still to come.

I must end here: otherwise I should have liked to have made some reference to the work of Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, Miss Moyna Macgill, Miss Mary Merrall, Miss Betty Chester and Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore. All these actresses—with the (often inadequate) material at their disposal—are worthily maintaining the finest acting traditions of the British stage.

THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS. By Ethel M. Dell. At the Globe Theatre.

According to the programme, "Ethel M. Dell's 'The Knave of Diamonds,' a Play in a Prologue and Three Acts, dramatised by Charlton Mann," was presented at the Globe Theatre. I do not know who Charlton Mann is, but I feel that he (or she) very nearly achieved something. Unfortunately, he (or she) forgot that what may be quite effective on the printed page may not get across the footlights as far as the orchestra. There were moments when the audience laughed at terrific happenings, such as when Sir Giles was called on to fight with three menservants in the first act. I was sorry for Sir Giles; he acted

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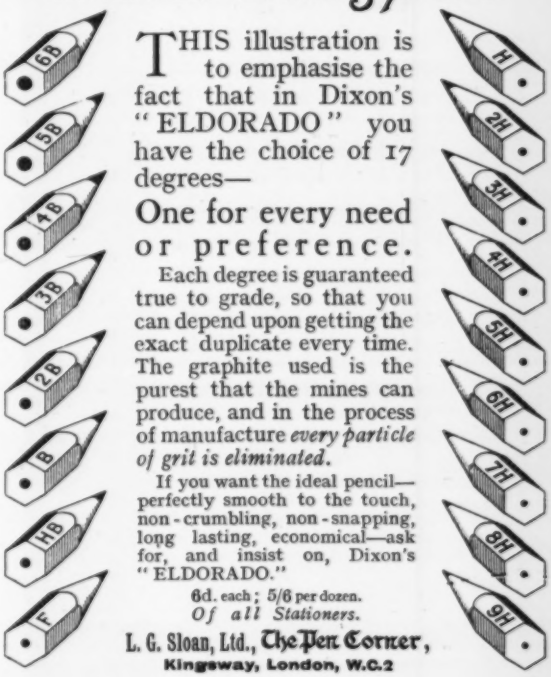

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very convincingly whenever his part would let him. But it is only just to say that there were other moments when a not too sympathetic audience found itself gripped, caught its breath and ceased its tittering involuntarily. Of course, this was partly due to the consummate acting of Miss Violet Vanbrugh. She has had better parts, but has never, perhaps, given us a finer exhibition of her powers. Mr. Scott Sunderland was rather overpowering as her lover, but did creditably on the whole. The fault of the play is that it is neither tragedy nor comedy; nor is it honest melodrama; it is sometimes comically tragic and sometimes melodramatically comic. But although I dub myself unfashionable by the confession, I was not bored! I was interested.

"PERICLES" AT THE OLD VIC.

Of all the excellent things that Mr. Robert Atkins has done at the Old Vic., none has shown him more truly a producer of ideas than his revival of "Pericles, Prince of Tyre." This was an achievement of Mr. Atkins's own imagination. Many of us remember well enough, of course, the late Mr. John Coleman's revival at Stratford-on-Avon twenty years ago. Not many of us can go back to Phelps, fifty years before that! But Mr. Atkins has owed nothing to either of his predecessors. He is the first manager to present the play in full—disorderly-house scenes and all. He justifies his courage at almost every point. However much was or was not written by Shakespeare (and a touch or so in the last two acts are all one can feel convinced about), Mr. Atkins has at any rate discovered a beautiful, romantic adventure-play in those loosely-knit scenes in Antioch, Ephesus, Tarsus and Mitylene, with the sea breeze blowing everywhere and the pure loveliness of the character of Marina purging even the filth of those ostensibly Syrian, but obviously Elizabethan, stews. If Shakespeare did have a hand in it—and at least a finger he must have had!—one finds fascinating traces—here of "The Winter's Tale," here of "Measure for Measure" and here of "The Tempest"—with a contrast of romance and realism more direct than is to be found in any of Shakespeare's "canonical" plays.

Not only in the courage of his choice, but in the beauty of his treatment, Mr. Atkins has shown his faculty of vision. He has redeemed the sordid story of the early part by bold fancy—the opening reminded one even of the Russian Ballet—and he has managed to work in the countless small scenes and dumb-shows with old Gower's verses (beautifully read by himself) in a way which makes one feel that despite scanty resources, no play is too difficult for the Old Vic., with Mr. Atkins in command.

There was some excellent playing by Mr. Rupert Harvey as Pericles himself, Miss Mary Sumner in Miss Lilian Braithwaite's old part as Marina, Miss Jane Bacon as Thaïsa (how well one remembers Miss Lily Brayton rising from that coffin at Stratford!), and, chief of all, by Mr. Atkins himself as old Gower. He gave not merely a reading. It was a delicious, whimsical, dignified portrait. The personality was in itself an interpretation—the old poet who linked together those varied scenes of love's glamour and love's sorrowing, and understood!

S. R. L.

SHAKESPEAREAN DISCIPLESHIP. By Thomas Dunlop. Edited by Gavin A. Dunlop. (Edinburgh: Andrew Elliott.)

This series of lectures on certain of the plays of Shakespeare is intended for students and for those lovers of his work who do not pretend to know all that can be known about it. The plays are accepted as they stand; there is no discussion of their chronological order, textual corruptions, vexed questions of authorship—all such matters are left aside, and Mr. Dunlop's purpose has been, as he says, purely "an attempt to learn and set forth in a plain way the spiritual principle in some of Shakespeare's dramas." He carried out this purpose with understanding and insight, and younger readers in particular will find his book a very interesting and helpful introduction to a study of Shakespeare and a comprehension of the inner significance of many of his scenes and characters.

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